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WASHINGTON

THE MAN WHO MADE US

WORKS BY PERCY MACKAYE

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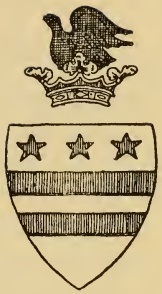

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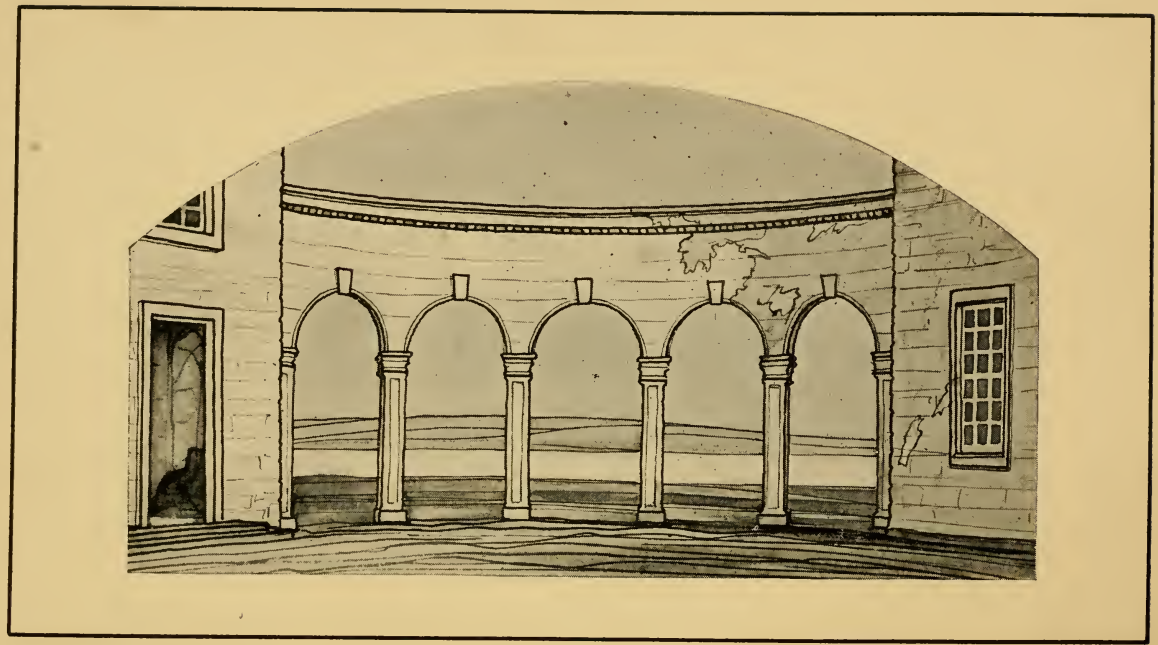

MOUNT VERNON

WASHINGTON

THE MAN WHO MADE US

A BALLAD PLAY

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

WITH SCENE DESIGNS BY
ROBERT EDMOND JONES

NEW YORK ALFRED A. KNOPF MCMXIX

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BY

PERCY MACKAYE

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JAN 22 1919

TO
THE ARDENT YOUNG MEMORY OF
ADAIR ARCHER
SOLDIER, ARTIST, SCHOLAR,
KNIGHT-ERRANT OF A NEW THEATRE,
THOROUGHBRED OF WASHINGTON'S VIRGINIA,
THIS PLAY IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

On July Fourth, 1918, one hundred and forty-two years after the Declaration at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in defiance of King George of Great Britain, an immense shout went up from the first base-ball-field in England, out of the lusty lungs of Yankee soldiers, ardent with unprecedented vernacular:—

"What's the matter with King George?—
He's—all—right!"

With that gust of New World youth, the ancient connotation of kings was blown into oblivion, and the prerogatives of Democracy over Royalty were wholeheartedly sanctioned by the united posterity of George Washington and George the Third.

On that same Fourth of July, speaking to the representatives of thirty-three nationalities gathered on the quiet slopes of Mt. Vernon by Washington's tomb, President Wilson said:

"What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

"I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation

against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself."

This play—the first published work for the theatre to attempt to portray George Washington as its central figure—has been long a plan projected in the mind of the writer; but not until almost the hour it was finished (which chanced on that Fourth of last July) could its theme have taken on its full-rounded significance today—the relation of the will of Washington to the world's will.

For not only Great Britain, France and America—the Dramatis Personae of the drama of Seventy-Six—hold now the stage of a vaster Theatre of the Peoples; now no nation or people of the earth is so obscure as to lack its relative rôle in the world drama of LIBERTY VERSUS TYRANNY; and now, for all the racial groups of insurgent Liberty in common, Washington rises—the proclaimed protagonist.

A theme such as this, so vast to imagination, might well give pause to any writer, were it a question of his compassing its magnitude. But, as it will require centuries before the manifold meanings of the present conflict can be illumined and wrought into art, so the

image of Washington must remain a presence in ever-growing history, to be glimpsed and revealed by unnumbered artists, each according to his vision.

At the date of this Preface, the early production of this play has already been announced to the public.

Concerning the two structural versions of the play—the version as here published, and the version as abridged for the regular theatre—the reader is referred to the comments in the Appendix.

Concerning the ballads, historical references, and certain aspects of a new craftsmanship implied in the play's structure, further comments are made in the Appendix, which contains, as well, the list of Characters and Scenes.

The play's ballads together with their music, with illustrations by Arvia MacKaye, may be had in broadside form, published by the H. W. Gray Company, 2 West 45th St., New York City.

Without the sound of those age-old tunes in his ear (tunes still sung in the Southern Appalachian mountains), the reader of this ballad-play will lack a charm which these pages cannot supply in default of the play's production.

Paul Leicester Ford has shown, by exhaustive research, how enthusiastic a lover of the theatre Washington was throughout his life; and it is a pleasant whim of the writer to fancy that the shade of the great Virginian—haply attendant at old haunts for a "first

night"—might find an old-time pleasure in the ballad-tunes of his native region interwoven in this play.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Shirley Centre, Mass.,
15 September, 1918.

OUTLINE OF PLAY

PROLOGUE: THE FOREGROUND—POSTERITY.

Prelude:	Fiddler, Facts & Folk-Song.
First Transition:	"The Golden Libertee."
Induction:	Laurels for the Tomb.
Second Transition:	The Fiddle Plays.

ACT I.: THE BACKGROUND—MT. VERNON.

THIRD ACTION:	THE LAD AND THE SOIL.
Third Transition:	Fighting Frontiersman.
FOURTH ACTION:	"A BIG ACRE TO GARDEN."
Fourth Transition:	"Old Virgin-ee-ay."
FIFTH ACTION:	HOME AND PEACE.

ACT II.: THE CONFLICT—TAKING HOLD.

SIXTH ACTION:	REVOLUTION.
Fifth Transition:	"Bands & Rebels."
SEVENTH ACTION:	HOME-LEAVING.
Sixth Transition:	"Bunker's Hill."
	"Yankee Doodle."
EIGHTH ACTION:	GRAPPLING.
Seventh Transition:	"Axes to Grind";
	"Free and Independent";
	"Raggle-Taggle Gypsies."
NINTH ACTION:	"OVER THERE."

ACT III.: THE CONFLICT—WINNING THROUGH.

TENTH ACTION:	FAIR ENEMIES.
Eighth Transition:	"Down by the Cold Hillsidey."
ELEVENTH ACTION:	FAMINE AND FRIENDS.
Ninth Transition:	Gypsies from France.
TWELFTH ACTION:	THE NEW FLAG.
Tenth Transition:	"Betsy Ross."
THIRTEENTH ACTION:	"A MOMENT MORE."
Eleventh Transition:	"Yorktown is fallen."
FOURTEENTH ACTION:	(1) "LONG LIVE THE KING."
	(2) THE ANSWER.
Twelfth Transition:	"O, whar 'll I lay my heart down?"
FIFTEENTH ACTION:	PEACE AND "THE REAL JOB."

EPILOGUE: THE FOREGROUND—FUTURITY

Recession:	The Will-Song of a World.
Finale:	"The Golden Libertee."

"Our cause is noble. It is the cause of mankind."

Geo. Washington

PROLOGUE
AND ACT I

PROLOGUE

FIRST ACTION

(Prelude)

In the theatre, the orchestra has played an overture of themes from old ballad tunes of the Kentucky Mountains; the overture has just ceased; the auditorium is growing dark, and the rise of the theatre curtain reveals, behind it, inner curtains of blue, closed where they meet at the centre.

And now one of the ballad themes (the tune of Bangry Rewy*) is heard playing on a fiddle at the back of the auditorium, where—at the head of one of the aisles—out of the dark appears a little lantern, borne on a pole by two Children, a* Boy *and a* Girl *in tattered raiment.*

Close behind these, clad in old-time garb, comes a Fiddler, *who is playing the tune. Under an old felt hat, wisps of his long hair fall about his weather-browned face, neither young nor old, but wrinkled with lines of kindly shrewdness and good cheer. Slung at his side are a flute and a dulcimer.*

Down the aisle come the three Figures, in the lantern-shine, and—crossing a bridge over the orchestra —move along the front of the stage, till they stop near the centre, where the blue curtains are closed.

Leaving the BOY *to hold the lantern pole, the little* GIRL *tiptoes to the* FIDDLER, *who stops playing, and bends down his ear to her, as she whispers up to him. He answers with nod and smile, and speaks in a quaint, drawling tone.*

THE FIDDLER

Yep, here we be, in time to see the show.
This-yere's the playhouse. Us must knock, ye know,
Three times for luck, to raise the play-folks.—Rap!

[THE LITTLE GIRL *touches the arm of the* BOY, *who awesomely raps the stage thrice with the lantern-pole.*

At the third slow rap, suddenly the curtains rustle, and out between them is thrust forth a grotesque Head, wearing a Mask of Comedy. As it peers down at them, the Children shrink back, startled.]

THE COMIC MASK

[*Shrilly.*]
No, no; go 'way!
[*It disappears.*]

THE FIDDLER

I swan! A nutty chap
He is! What ails him?—Here: *you* try.

[*He takes the pole from the* BOY *and gives it to the* GIRL, *who raps it thrice on the stage, more loudly.*

At this, another Head—this time in a Mask of Tragedy—stares out at her.]

THE TRAGIC MASK

[*Deeply.*]

Go 'way!

THE FIDDLER

We come to see the play.

THE TRAGIC MASK

[*More deeply.*]

There is no play!

[*It disappears.*

The Children rush to the FIDDLER *and cling to him, the* GIRL *whispering excitedly.*]

THE FIDDLER

[*Chuckling.*]

Eh—what? No; don't we scare ourselves. I reckoned
We come to see a show. Wall,—wait a second!

[*Taking from his belt an old wooden flute,*

he plays on it a snatch of the same tune he played on the fiddle.

While he does so, there appears between the curtains a third Head, wearing a Mask strangely winning and serene.]

THE THIRD MASK

Who calls there?

THE FIDDLER

Us: a boy and gal and me.

THE THIRD MASK

No more?

THE FIDDLER

Jest us.

THE THIRD MASK

But who are those I see
With thousand strange eyes staring curious?

THE FIDDLER

A boy and gal and me is all of us.

THE THIRD MASK

[*Stepping forth in front of the curtains—a Figure robed in deeper blue—removes his mask, retaining it in his hand.*]

And who are you, friend?

THE FIDDLER

Me—I'm Quilloquon:
My mother hatched me—with a wild goose honkin'
West, and a bell-wether tinkle-tonkin'
East. Some, they calls me Dellum-a-down-derry.

THE THIRD MASK

Whom have you come to see?

QUILLOQUON

George Washington.
These childers they've heerd tell about yon cherry
He chopped with his renowned-in-history hatchet.
I promised 'em a peep-in, and I'd catch it
If I went back on my word.

THE THIRD MASK

What made you come
This way?

QUILLOQUON

Oh, nosin' after news. I'm from
Virginy and Kentucky—all along
The ridge to Caroliny. I belong
Where folks still sing and fiddle and have fun
Jest feelin' lazy in the mountain sun,
Atwangin' dulcimers aneath the holly,
To "Gypsen Davy" tune and "Soldier Polly,"
And swappin' love-rhymes, what a hunderd years
Ain't rubbed the peach-bloom off'n. Little us keers
For far-off up-and-doin's, till we smells

Gunpowder in the wind: then ups we tells
The mountain birds good-bye and jines the colours.—
Not me in khaki: that's for reg'lar fellers;
The draft went by me. But I knowed some live
Tunes what I played the boys in Seventy-five
Down April lanes in Lexington and over
To Yorktown, so I resked a four-leaf-clover
Them songs 'ud set the boys a-marchin' quicker
To settle the same old Devil's tarnal dicker
He's raised agin from Hell.—So yere's my kit:
Flute, fiddle, finger-strings—and songs to fit.

THE THIRD MASK

[*Examining it.*]
Your flute is an old-timer.

QUILLOQUON

Yep: that's one
I borrowed off'n Tom the Piper's son
To fetch me over the hills and far away.

[THE LITTLE GIRL *nudges the* FIDDLER'S *arm. He starts, nods to her reassuringly, and turns again to the Figure with the Mask.*]

But now, your honour, what about the play?

THE THIRD MASK

They tell me there can be none.

QUILLOQUON

They? Who's they?

THE THIRD MASK

My helpers, who inhibit me. Pass through
And meet them.

[*Turning toward the curtains, the Figure claps his palms thrice. Slowly, on either side, a hand from within begins to draw back the curtains.*

The Children come close to QUILLOQUON, *who rubs his chin, and speaks with hesitation.*]

QUILLOQUON

Axin' pardon—Who be you?

THE THIRD MASK

I am an art that knows not yet the way
To make the beauty of my dreams come true:
I am the Theatre: my thousand tasks
Obscure their object, and with many masks
I am myself bewildered.—Pray, come in!

QUILLOQUON

[*Removing his hat.*]
Thank ye!

[*On either side, the Masks of Comedy and Tragedy continue with their hands to draw back the curtains, till their figures stand guarding a medium aperture midway the opening of the stage.*

Through this aperture is revealed, with mysterious lighting, an obscure space within, hung round with the same blue curtains, except in the

centre background. There—at first hardly distinguishable—an arched panel frames, on blue background, a great DIM-RED FIGURE, *its limbs cloaked in large folds, its visage cowled. Two white, colonial columns support the panel's arch.*

In the left middleground, a dark blue chair of colonial design stands beside a blue table, piled high with manuscripts, books and masks.

Taking the Children by the hand, QUILLOQUON *enters and gapes around curiously as the Figure of* THE THEATRE *goes to the chair and, sitting, places his mask on the table with others which at times he lifts and examines.*

Gradually the Children become aware of the DIM-RED PRESENCE *in the panel, and timidly point it out to* QUILLOQUON, *who speaks to the Figure of* THE THEATRE, *with lowered voice.*]

Is somebody thar?

THE THEATRE

So you begin
To see?

QUILLOQUON

Not quite I can't, and yet I kin
Darkish.—Don't never it look nor speak?

THE THEATRE

To me
No look nor speech, yet inexpressibly
Its silence grows upon me, like great words

That tease the mind at twilight, when the birds—
'Twixt song and sleep—commune with dawning stars.

QUILLOQUON

What doos it want with ye?

THE THEATRE

Its will: a dream
Wrought into action: a majestic theme
Built nobly large, in measure meet for one
Whose soul was large and simple—Washington;
But where I grope to build, the shadowy bars
Of time restrain me, and—in nudging file—
The gaolers of my art come forth, to pile
My plan with heaped confusion. Look, now! See
How patiently they come to furnish me
With hoarded facts and hoary inhibitions.

[*From the right—hardly distinguishable at first from the blue curtained walls—appear the blue-black forms of the* INHIBITORS, *gowned with bizarre strangeness.*

Each carries in one hand a candle, in the other —a manuscript, chart or book.

Obscurely they approach, in file, and address the Figure of THE THEATRE, *successively laying their offerings on the table, around which—after they have spoken—they remain standing.*

As they approach and speak, the DIM-RED PRESENCE *in the panel fades to a dullish grey,*

while QUILLOQUON *and the* CHILDREN *draw aside in the left background, listening.*]

THE FIRST INHIBITOR

This map.

THE THEATRE

I thank you.

THE FIRST

All the main positions
Are clearly marked—the British lines in red,
The Yankee in blue, and here—in pencil lead—
The progress of the battle. Some six score
Like this I have in set. I'll bring you more,
For you, of course, will need them all.

THE THEATRE

Of course.

THE SECOND

A memorandum.

THE THEATRE

Thanks.

THE SECOND

The borrowed horse
He rode at Brandywine was either bay
Or dapple. One old chronicler says—grey;
But on the whole—and after much research—
I stand for *dapple.*

THE THEATRE

Dapple.

THE THIRD

He went to church
Twice that December. Here you have the dates;
You may rely on them.

THE FOURTH

I'm one who hates
To differ, but I think I can adduce
Proofs to the contrary.

THE THIRD

[*In tone offended.*]

You!

[*They confront each other.*]

THE THEATRE

[*Intervening.*]

Please! A truce!

THE FIFTH

Pray, hear *me*, sir!—A modern audience
Is gifted with a many-mirrored sense
Historical; it reads biographies,
Of which your hero has his legions: hence
It is not unaware of diaries,
All in your hero's hand, which tell his days
And hours from youth till death; it even essay

To draw his giant portrait 'twixt the poles
By picturing some thousand million souls
That have breathed his name in awe; so, sir, I trust,
Before you launch your drama from the shoals,
You'll build it for the deeps. Indeed, you must.

THE THEATRE

You think I must.

THE FIFTH

Indeed!

THE SIXTH

My neighbour's mystics
May serve some purpose—possibly—discussed
By poets. What *I* stand for is statistics.

THE FIFTH

I mentioned some.

THE SIXTH

In short, sir: give 'em facts.

THE FIFTH

That's what *I* said.

THE SIXTH

And make your drama's acts
Toe line to history.

THE THEATRE

My friends, I see,
Are strangely in accord.

THE SEVENTH

Sir, seriously
I beg a word. These others give well-meant
Advice; but, sir, *I* stand for precedent.
Your chosen subject, Washington: when, sir,
Was that great theme claimed by the Theatre—
I mean with such bold title and intent—
Till now before? And what, sir, is your Stage—
Built to exhibit baubles of our age—
That you should raise your hand toward *him*, and dare
To show the Father of his Country where
Puppets and clowns are shown?

THE FIFTH

In the public square
He stands before the people.

THE SEVENTH

A statue—yes,
Sculptured in bronze, austere in nobleness!
A poem, grandly couched; a popular
Oration; a laurel wreath—those truly are
Forms of admitted precedent, but there
Must we not pause? Sir—not to damp your spirit—
How do you dare this thing? Do you not hear it—
What all the world will say?

THE THEATRE

[*After a pause, speaks with dreamy quiet.*]

Out there—over there—
The mouth of all the world, cratered with fire—
The Sibyl of heaven and hell—I seem to hear it
Speaking one name.
There—over there—out of the pits of ire,
Oracular with anguish and eclipse,
The heart of all the world—through tortured lips
Crushed with despair, crimson with torn desire—
Speaking that name.
There, where the looming cloud-banks of our boys—
Storm after storm—snowflake the yawning pyre
Whose hunger never cloys,
One will—the will that tyrants cannot tire—
Speaks that one name,
Blows one undying faith
Through bugles calling: "Youth! You shining boys,
That sheathe your glad souls in the rusting dark,
O dream not Death
Leaves you uncaptained when the day is done.—
Above the Dragon shines your own St. George:
He leads you still, who blew a dying spark
To smithy Freedom's blade at Valley Forge.
Tonight, in sleep, you camp with Washington:
At dawn, he rises with you—and the sun!"

THE SEVENTH

I do not, sir, quite follow: do you speak
In propria persona, or in "quotes"?

THE THEATRE

What does it matter, friend? All words are weak
To echo the eternal organ notes
That sound my drama's theme. Reality
Renders an aping thing of masks like me
Most impotent and dumb. I fancied—ha,
How pale are fancies now!—I saw a page,
Torn from a starry volume called The Stage,
Signed with a fiery hand: *America*
To Washington.—Oh, you are right,
So very right, my kind Inhibitors,
To nail your warning knowledge on my doors,
That I, with thanks, will bid you now goodnigh
So blow your candles out, and go your way
With minds at ease: Tonight,—there is no play.

[*At his gesture, the* INHIBITORS *blow out their candles, leaving the place in darkness, out from which the grey-cloaked* PRESENCE *in the panel glows steadily brighter into luminous red, while —silhouetted against it—*QUILLOQUON, *with the* CHILDREN, *steps forth and speaks from the dimness.*]

QUILLOQUON

Axin' your pardon—where do *us* come in?

THE THEATRE

I beg *your* pardon.

QUILLOQUON

Axin' yours agin,
We see your poster sign outside, and so
These childers took a chanct to see a show,
And took my word on 't 'twas George Washington.—
Now him, sir, when I knowed him, by his look
He wa'n't nuther a statye, nor a book,
Nor a state-house paintin', but a human critter,
Like most o' folks in Mother Natur's litter,
Only grittier stocked; so, when bad times come on,
They grabbed him for a general walkin'-stick
To help 'em outen the mud, and nary a crick
He cracked in the grain, but stood like hickory
Heftin' one-half the world.

THE THEATRE

With all my heart
I wish–

QUILLOQUON

[*Goes on, with a dreamy smile.*]
Aye, sir: on winter-lonesome nights
And black hell hangin' over airth and sea—
Thar was a man could trim the northern lights,
Or tend a taller-dip.

THE THEATRE

I wish my art
Could serve his sturdy truth; but you have descried
The webs that weave me round: my hands are tied.

QUILLOQUON

Then s'pos'n I try *my* hand. These fiddle strings
Have set some folks and kids to seein' things
Evenin's, when chimbley pots begin to simmer
The sap, and Sammy shuts his Yankee primer
To stare in to the burnin' of the logs;
And this-yere flute has whistled it with the frogs
All night till mornin'-up; so, by and yon,
To young and old through all Amerikee,
When hankerin's of home and spring comes on,
I fiddle and pipe my songs of Quilloquon—
A dream-bird singin', or a rollin' drum.
So, childers, come!
In this-yere fiddle-kit I keep *my* show
What draws ye pictur's, as I draw my bow.
And if I blow my flute, or twang a string,
You shet your eyes and watch the sights I sing.—
These theatre pieces—th' ain't jest in my way,
But yere I'll show ye now—a ballad-play.

(First Transition)

[*Thrumming low on his dulcimer,* QUILLOQUON *begins to sing, in a quaint, sweet voice, while the shadowy space around him quivers and clouds with the dawn of a transforming scene.*

Beside him, THE LITTLE GIRL *and* BOY—*sit-*

ting on the ground—gaze up at him, and listen.]

QUILLOQUON

[*Sings*]

There was a little ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the *Golden Libertee,*
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.

O, red red was the dawn-shine that spangled in her spars,
And blue was her wave-line beneath the morning stars,
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.

O, richer than the Indies the cargo that she bore
Agliding up the stream by the sweet Potomeek's shore,
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.

Her cargo was of hearts, heaped as high as she could hold,
Of men's hearts and women's hearts, more wonderful than gold,
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.

The red red hearts were burning her golden decks aboard;
Her Captain he was standing where cloudy eagles soared,
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.

The hearts they sang, the stars sang: "O Captain of the Free,
You have brought us through the tempest in our *Golden Libertee,*
As she sails in the Low-de-lands low."

SECOND ACTION

(Induction)

With the end of his song, a booming sound is heard, and QUILLOQUON *and the* CHILDREN *are seen sitting, in broad sunshine, on a long, low doorstep of stone beside the door of a grey-white, wide-clapboarded house.*

One end of the house only is visible, with a lower and an upper window, the green blinds open. On the right, this end of the house is connected by an arched, roofed colonnade (curving the centre background) with the end of a kitchen, correspondingly visible—with doorway and windows —on the left. Between the door and lower window is a bench. Within the colonnade, another passage-way leads left in to the kitchen—its doorway unseen.

The colonnade consists of double arches with col-

umns, spaced and proportioned with noble simplicity and charm. Under its arches the eye looks away toward low, wooded hills and the placid blue bend of a river, panelled by the white columns.

A broad road-path skirts the buildings and colonnade as far as the house doorstep, and defines by its curve a patch of lawn in the foreground.

On this pathway and lawn—alone, or few in groups —Tourists are scattered; men and women, quietly standing, or passing with movements and voices subdued by spell of some unseen presence, which pervades with gentle awe the commonplaces of their speech and action.

Some are Civilians; others are Soldiers, in American khaki, French light-blue, Scottish plaid, and other colours of the Allies' uniforms.

Now, through this scene,—when QUILLOQUON'S *refrain ("As she sails in the Low-de-lands low") has hardly ceased—a distant booming resounds.*

Some of the Tourists stand still and listen.

Twice more the low booming is repeated.

ONE IN KHAKI

What sound is that?—guns?

A CIVILIAN

A ship on the river. They always salute his home, where they pass on the Potomac.

A SECOND CIVILIAN

[*In another group.*]
Nearly two hundred years, you say?

A THIRD CIVILIAN

[*Turning the pages of a book.*]
Yes: the date's in the guide-book.

THE ONE IN KHAKI

[*To* ONE IN LIGHT-BLUE.]
I have always wanted to stand here at Mt. Vernon —before I went over there.

THE ONE IN LIGHT-BLUE

[*With a French accent.*]
I comprehend, lieutenant.

THE THIRD CIVILIAN

[*Pointing in the book.*]
There you are: 1743: The present house was built then by his half brother—Lawrence Washington. Later, after George himself became proprietor, he made additions and improvements—before and after the Revolution.

A FOURTH CIVILIAN

He was born down the river, on his mother's farm; but he came here to live as a boy.

THE THIRD

Used to fox-hunt with his neighbour, Lord Fairfax.

THE ONE IN KHAKI

[*To* THE ONE IN LIGHT-BLUE, *pointing toward the house.*]

The key of your Bastile: it hangs in the hallway. When he was old, it was sent to him—by Lafayette.

THE SECOND CIVILIAN

[*To* THE FOURTH.]

And so here he was a boy—and a man in his great prime—and here he died.

THE FOURTH

Yes; and they say that the picture of Mt. Vernon was with him everywhere he went.

THE THIRD

You mean—a painting? Where is it kept—in the museum?

THE FOURTH

No: I fancy those children are looking at it.

[*His glance falls on* THE LITTLE GIRL *and* BOY, *who are still sitting on the far end of the doorstep, while* QUILLOQUON *has drawn back in the shadow of a pillar.*

Two OFFICERS—*an Italian and a British—now come out of the house and are passing toward the colonnade, when they are saluted by the* OFFICER IN LIGHT-BLUE *and pause, returning his salute.*]

THE ONE IN LIGHT-BLUE

Ah, Messieurs les Colonels! Listen! Is not there I hear La Marseillaise?

[*Faintly, a distant band is heard playing the last strains of the Marseillaise chorus.*

Through the colonnade several Men pass off, bearing large wreaths of laurel.]

THE BRITISH OFFICER

Yes, the Envoys of the Allies have arrived. They will place their laurel wreaths on the General's tomb.

THE ONE IN LIGHT-BLUE

Bien: allons!

THE THIRD CIVILIAN

Come; let's go to the tomb. There will be speeches.

THE FOURTH

[*Following quietly.*]

Yes—and there will be silence.

THE BRITISH OFFICER

[*Going, with the Italian and French Officers.*]

The High Commissioner of England—yes.

THE ITALIAN OFFICER

[*With an accent.*]

And the people of Garibaldi—they too remember.

[*They pass off through the colonnade, followed by the men Civilians.*]

AN ELDERLY WOMAN

[*Walking slowly.*]

The days don't last long. It'll be a lovely sunset.

A YOUNGER WOMAN

[*Beside her.*]

And quite warm outdoors. Isn't this April just perfect at Mt. Vernon!

THE ELDER

[*Pausing, as a whiff of breeze brings to their ears the first strains of "America," played remotely.*]

I wonder what his mother would have thought.

THE YOUNGER

And his wife. I picked this sweet verbena in the kitchen garden. Let's take it to the tomb—from *them.*

THE ELDER

[*Lifting the green leaves to her face, smiles back at the other.*]

Smells sweet—and it lasts.

[*They pass off through the colonnade.*]

(Second Transition)

QUILLOQUON *rises with the* CHILDREN.

They are alone now.

With a smile and mysterious gesture, QUILLOQUON *points with his fiddle-bow, off left, down the path, where a splotch of bright scarlet colour is approaching.*

Then, raising his bow, he begins to play very softly, taking up the melody of "America," where the far off wind-instruments are playing it, as they die away. So—peering down the path, the Children pointing, with whispers—they tip-toe through the colonnade. There they linger momentarily (before going off, right) as along the path, left, two strangely costumed Persons enter, conversing.

[*End of Prologue. The Curtains do not close and the action proceeds with no interruption.*]

ACT I

THIRD ACTION

The Persons who enter are two Men—both in garb of the Middle Eighteenth Century.

One, in bright scarlet riding-habit, is an alert short-sighted gentleman of about sixty, ruddy and urbane.

The other, A YOUNGER MAN *of about thirty—quiet-moving, large-framed, slightly stooped, his strong face pale—is clad, more dull, in working clothes, over which he wears the cloak of a Colonial Major. Occasionally he pauses, to check a slight coughing.*

THE ELDER MAN *speaks with gusto, twining his riding whip with a sprig of ivy.*

THE ELDER MAN

Ha, Lawrence, this April—heigh?—and young sap! Who wouldn't be alive, to go a-hunting? A clear horn and your horse limber, a live pack and the red devil for a fox,—why, here's old England even in your new world wilderness. Tom Fairfax never felt more at home in Yorkshire.

LAWRENCE

Your lordship is always welcome at Mt. Vernon. I wish only a bad lung didn't keep me from the hunt.

LORD FAIRFAX

Clever hounds, yours, Major Washington, clever hounds! Throats chimed like bells in a belfry! Sir Roger de Coverley's weren't tuned more nice. But my beagles are quicker at the scent.

LAWRENCE

Have you rid far, Sir, today?

FAIRFAX

A good turn. I'll lay 't was twenty miles round before we run down old Reynard at Dogue's Creek. How I wish George had been along! He's the blue-ribbon lad in the saddle: a Virginian centaur! Aye, Sir, Master Addison could have drawn a pretty mythological portrait of George—the young centaur of Lost Atlantis! Damme, Major; I miss your brother.

LAWRENCE

We all do. He's been gone a month now, surveying your lordship's frontier lands.

FAIRFAX

One month?—one? It seems a dozen. I miss the boy. Ever since I've neighboured you at Belvoir, he and I—we've been old dog and pup.

LAWRENCE

[*Smiling.*]

You have watched the pup grow to match his paws, my lord.

FAIRFAX

Aye, 't is a big thoroughbred! Sun-up and moon-down, indoors and out, books and brooks, we've trailed it together. Now he's gone, I'm clean off my feed.

Ah, but, Lawrence, I can never tell thee how deep it grips me—the wonder of him. For me, he's your new world—the bigness of it, the young vigour, the large quiet, the bright far look-off towards an immense tomorrow.—George: my young George Washington! What's he to do, eh? What's he to become?

LAWRENCE

That's on my own mind, Sir, constantly. Indeed, we've been holding a family council on George's career. Since he makes his home now with me, his mother has come over from her farm, to confer about it.

FAIRFAX

[*Starting.*]

Madam Washington—here?

LAWRENCE

She arrived this morning. I wish your lordship would join us with your advice.

FAIRFAX

Advice?—Now, now, Lawrence! I'm a daring man—but no Daniel! I was once presented to Queen Anne: I durst offer advice to the Majesty of England—but not to George's mother.

LAWRENCE

[*Smiling.*]

For so quiet a person, she knows her own will, Sir.

FAIRFAX

Say, rather, the will of the elements. Madam Washington is more than a person—she is a presence. Hers is the majesty of Nature, to which mere man must bow. So as for giving family advice—

LAWRENCE

[*Laughing, takes* Fairfax's *arm.*]

Well, Sir, stay the night with us anyway.

[*They go up the steps to the house door.*

Lord Fairfax *enters the house, followed by* Lawrence—*his laughter constrained by coughing.*

From the side-door of the kitchen appears now a bright-turbanned Negress, bringing a copper kettle and a small wooden box. She is followed down the steps by two half-naked little black children, whom she chases in again.]

THE NEGRESS

Heah! Run 'long back, yo' chilluns; run 'long in, now.

[*Meanwhile, through the colonnade, from the right, have entered two picturesque persons, semi-military in appearance.*

One is a big, raw-boned figure, a Man of about forty, out at knee and elbow; he is comfortably drunk, and carries in one hand a small wooden coop, in which is a game-cock; when he talks, his speech has the broad drawl of a native backwoodsman.

The Other—older, stocky, and Dutch-featured —carries two broadswords, which he fondles with visible affection. He enters, speaking with heated affirmation.]

THE DUTCHMAN

No, tamn it, Master Adjutant Muse, game-cocks is no gentlemans' substitutes for proadswords. My tisciplines here is for to learn Master George Vashington —proadswords. And your tisciplines, Sir, is for to learn him his military manuals.

MUSE

[*Saluting, bows very low.*]

Cap'n Van Bramm—your mos' obedient! Come along, then, and have some rum punch.

[*Backing toward the inner kitchen door, he stumbles against the Negress.*]

Kep' it hot, eh, Mammy Sal?

MAMMY SAL

Waitin' right inside, Marse Muse, ri'chover by de chimbley.

MUSE

All right, Jacob: Ain't that Dutch treat 'nough for gentry?

VAN BRAMM

Aye, Sir: rum punch is tamn all right Tutch.

[*They go into the kitchen.*

Outside, Mammy Sal squats on the ground and begins leisurely to clean and burnish the copper kettle with fine sand from the box.

Along the path, left, enters quietly a Woman of quaint stateliness, elderly and alert. Of middle height, with features pleasing but strongly marked, she is dressed plainly in short skirt, sack and mob-cap. From one of her great side-pockets protrude knitting needles and yarn. In one hand she carries a garden rake. When she speaks, her low voice is musical in its cadence, absolute in its command.]

THE WOMAN

Mammy Sal!

MAMMY SAL

[*Jumping up.*]
Howdy evenin', Missy Washin'n!

MARY WASHINGTON

Has my son, Master George, come home yet?

MAMMY SAL

No 'm, Missy Washin'n,—not him.

MARY WASHINGTON

I have been taking a turn round the buildings. Who left this rake in the dairy?

MAMMY SAL

[*With awe.*]
De Lo'd he know all, Missy Washin'n.

MARY WASHINGTON

[*Handing the rake.*]
Take it to the tool house.—Wait:

[*Pulling from one of her pockets two strips of coloured cloth.*]
Who has been weaving this cotton-jump stripe, and this huccabac?

MAMMY SAL

Dunno 'm. Sophronie, she might-a-be'.

MARY WASHINGTON

I found them in the kitchen-garden. Who is responsible?

MAMMY SAL

Dunno who-all, Missy Washin'n.

MARY WASHINGTON

What *do* you know, Mammy Sal?

MAMMY SAL

Knows ma Sabba-day chatachasm; yas 'm!

MARY WASHINGTON

That 's good. And if *I* was Mistress of Mt. Vernon, Mammy, I would learn you your *week*-day chatechism.

MAMMY SAL

Yas 'm.—Amen!

[Mary Washington *goes in to the house.*

Mammy Sal *starts to go off, left, with the rake, but—glancing back at the house door—pauses, leans the rake against the building, and slowly returns.*]

MAMMY SAL

Oh, by 'n by!

[*She begins a low singing*:]

"I know my robe goin' ter fit me well.—
I'm agoin' ter lay down de heabby load.

"I tried it on at de gates ob hell.—
I'm agoin' ter lay down de heabby load."

[*Picking up the copper kettle, she begins to thrum and beat on it to her song, swaying her body in rhythmic motion.*]

"Oh, by-an'-by, by-an'-by,
I'm agoin' ter lay down de heabby load!

"Oh, by-an'-by, by-an'-by,
I'm agoin' ter lay down de heabby load!"

[*While the black Woman, in her scarlet turban and yellow garment, increases her dance to the burnished kettle's music, the immense Figure of an Indian moves in to the colonnade, from behind the kitchen building, and stands silhouetted against the brightening sunset.*

In long, red blanket, overtopped by high, white-feathered headdress flowing behind to the ground, his painted wooden mask turns enigmatical eyes toward the dancing Negress.

For a moment the Mammy does not behold this Figure, who watches, motionless. Then—in deep, guttural voice—it speaks.]

THE FIGURE

Woman!

MAMMY SAL

[*Transfixed—drops the kettle, with a stifled cry.*]

O Angel ob de Abysm!

THE FIGURE

Woman! Canst thou fill the hollow places of hunger?

MAMMY SAL

[*Sinking to her knees.*]

O Marse Abaddon, what his name is Apollyon!

THE FIGURE

Mammy Sal! Canst thou cook corn pone?

MAMMY SAL

O yas 'r, Marse Apollyon!

THE FIGURE

Corn pone, and roast fowl therewith, and sturgeon broiled?

MAMMY SAL

O yas 'r, glory salvation! I'se sassafras fire an' beech-nut coals, what 'll cook 'em gran' on de spit.

THE FIGURE

Rise up, then, Mammy Sal, and be thou numbered among the saints!

[*From behind the mask explodes a loud roar of laughter.*

Then—dropping off the blanket, feathers and painted face—a tall, great-limbed Youth, with glowing face and light-brown hair grown long, steps forth in mud-spattered gear and boots of a backwoodsman.

Pointing with a surveyor's tripod at the aghast Woman, he shouts with huge, boyish delight.

For an instant, Mammy Sal *stares dumbly, then leaps up with a scream of welcome.*]

MAMMY SAL

Marse George! Ah-ya! honey Marse George!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[*Roaring with laughter.*]
Oho-ho, Mammy Sal! Scart ye, did I?

MAMMY SAL

'Lijah an' prophets, honey! Whar yo' done git all dat debbel-Injun truck?

GEORGE

Swapped it off a redskin, up country. What all's the good news at home?

MAMMY SAL

Marse George come home: dat all's de good news. My, my! honey belubed: yo' feet upon de mountins, dey's beautifu' 's de lilies ob de fiel'.

GEORGE

Never mind my muddy boots, Mammy. Just mind my belt strap—and that corn pone. I've been a-fastin' since sun-up.

[*Stooping behind the kitchen colonnade, he lifts forth a gun, knapsack and kit, from which he detaches two large limp birds.*]

Here; run along and cook these wild turkeys I shot. And mind:—corn-pone—roast-fowl—sturgeon—

MAMMY SAL

Broil' wid de sassafras fire! Ri'choff, honey!

[*Seizing up her kettle, she is rushing in at the kitchen inner door, when a dog bolts past her there from inside and springs toward young Washington.*]

My Lo'd! heah 's yo' Mopsey-houn'!

[*She disappears within.*]

GEORGE

[*Patting and fondling the hound.*]

Halloa, Mopsey, Mopsey gal! Well, well, old Mopsey mine: ain't forgot your master?

[*Squatting on the ground, he rolls over, laughing and playing with the dog.*]

Come here, you darling bitch; kiss me quick! Aha! get away: quit your slatherin'. What you nosin' for—maple sugar?

[*Sitting up, he pulls out some maple sugar, and holds it teasingly.*]

Here: have a lick, old Mops! How's all the dog-gone family? How's Musick and Pilot and Truelove? And the pupsies: where's little Chaunter

and Tipsy? Has your ladyship weaned 'em?

[ADJUTANT MUSE *comes stumbling down from the kitchen inner doorway, followed by* VAN BRAMM. *The former carries a long punch-glass, from which he is drinking.*]

MUSE

Tipsy, says he! Listen thar, Jacob!

VAN BRAMM

[*Spying George.*]

Vell, de tefel!—Master George Vashington! God save you and tamn you, and velcome you pack!

GEORGE

[*Still fondling the dog.*]

God save you both, gentlemen, and pardon me not rising. Mopsey has the floor, you see.

VAN BRAMM

And how is vent all your surveyings and vorks in de vilderness?

GEORGE

'Twas a grand trip, Cap'n: big woods, March winds, wonderful mountains, villainous weather. Forty miles a day, lots of work and lousy nights.

[*He lifts himself up on the bench, where he feeds the dog maple sugar.*]

VAN BRAMM

Ah! nights it was lousy—so?

GEORGE

Aye, Sir, indoors we catched some big game. In the loggers' huts, that was. The first night, I stripped off and laid me on a bunk in the dark—pitch black. Then begun the campaign: the March of the Legions, I called it. Tell about David among the Philistines! I'll lay a doubloon I slew ten score o' Goliahs. After that, I swore off on beds, and slept out nights by the fire.

VAN BRAMM

On de ground? And vild peasts all apout?

MUSE

Why not, Dutchy? Bear baitin' 's bigger sport than flea stalkin'.

[*Offering his punch-glass.*]

—George, have a swig!

VAN BRAMM

Master Adjutant Muse, you are trunk; and trunk is no manual tisciplines for young gentlemans.—Look now, Master George; here pe our veapons: vill you practise?

MUSE

[*Loudly.*]

Jury! A jury, says I! George, I appoint you gran' jury.—Who's drunk? What's the verdict?

GEORGE

[*Rising, with a laugh.*]

Nay, Master Adjutant, I plead non compos.

Having had no punch, I beg your indulgence.

MUSE

[*Flourishing his empty glass.*]

Indulgence?—*Indulgence* is a fair verdict.—A mos' hon'rable gran' jury! Jacob,—George begs my indulgence in s' more punch.—Your mos' obedient!

[*Bowing unsteadily, he goes in to the kitchen. The dog follows him in.*]

VAN BRAMM

[*Handing* George *one of his swords.*]

And now, young Sir, you is rememper your positions—yes?

GEORGE

I guess so, Cap'n; though they ain't exactly Injun tactics.

VAN BRAMM

No, tamn it: proadswords is tactics of Christian gentries. Gif me my proadsword and my piple, and I vill learn you ampitions pigger as de vorld and de kingdoms of heaven dereof.

GEORGE

Thank you, Captain; but my ambitions are no bigger than Mt. Vernon.

VAN BRAMM

Ah? And ven some odder young gentleman vill insult your honour, and tefy you to a tuel—vat?

GEORGE

My honour is my own, Sir, and not another's. I would call the young gentleman an ass, and invite him to wrastle me.

VAN BRAMM

My poy, mark my vords! No man can tell ven vill come his testiny to fight. Vone day yet you vill tank God on your knees down for old Jacob Van Bramm and his proadswords.

GEORGE

I thank him now, Sir, on my feet. Will you show me those positions?

VAN BRAMM

Ah!—positions is petter!

[*Drawing himself up with military precision, he demonstrates the sword positions and strokes, while* George *watches, attentive.*]

Vone—so; two—and so; t'ree—and so. Pegin, now!

[*They practise together the broadsword exercises.*

George *strikes and parries with carefulness and quick decision.*

The blades clatter briskly, amid occasional sharp and gay interjections.

Soon the house door opens and LORD FAIRFAX *steps out, peering short-sightedly.*]

FAIRFAX

What's the racket there? Who's that?—George! Him! [*Calling back.*] Lawrence! He's come; 'tis George. [*Hastening forward.*] Lad! My dear lad!

GEORGE

[*Turning round.*]

Ha—your lordship!

FAIRFAX

Home again! [*He grasps* GEORGE'S *hand.*] Grips, laddie, grips! Nay, both on 'em!

[GEORGE *tosses his sword away, and gives his other hand.*]

VAN BRAMM

[*Picking the sword up.*]

Tamn!

[*After a moment, he goes off, grumbling.*]

GEORGE

I'm right happy to see you, my lord.

FAIRFAX

[*Rapping him with his knuckles.*]

Sound? safe? solid all through? No mishaps?

GEORGE

None, Sir.

FAIRFAX

And your trip?

GEORGE

Oh, a grand trip, Sir! Over the Blue Ridge, and up the Shenandoah valley. Your lordship's estates are all surveyed. I've fetched you home a map in my kit.

LAWRENCE

[*Appearing in the house doorway, calls.*]
Brother George!

GEORGE

[*Waving to him.*]
Halloa, brother Lawrence!

FAIRFAX

[*To* George, *portentously.*]
Hearkee: he's fetching your mother. 'Tis a conclave. We're settling your future career!

GEORGE

Mine?

LAWRENCE

[*To* Mary Washington, *who comes down the steps with him.*]
There he is.

[*Spying his Mother,* George *hastens toward*

her with eager affection. Meeting, they greet each other with a controlled gladness.]

MARY WASHINGTON

[*Giving her hand, speaks low.*]

George, my dear son.

GEORGE

[*Awkwardly kisses her hand; then looks in her face.*]

Madam, I hope you are well.

MARY WASHINGTON

I am very well, George. Your shirt is wet and very muddy.

GEORGE

Aye, Madam, 'tis; the creek was muddy; I swam over.

MARY WASHINGTON

You will need some cherry cordial. Come in.

LAWRENCE

Your pardon, Madam, for a moment; I will first help George in with his kit. Will your lordship be so good—?

FAIRFAX

[*Visibly flustered, offers his arm.*]

Mistress Washington, your son appears to have done nobly.

MARY WASHINGTON

[*Intensely serene.*]

Appears, Sir?

[*Unnoticing his proffered arm, she walks beside him toward the house door.*]

FAIRFAX

[*Fidgeting.*]

He tells me he has surveyed all my estates in the wilderness.

MARY WASHINGTON

[*Simply.*]

Then, Sir, 'tis so.

FAIRFAX

[*Stammering.*]

In four weeks, Madam,—four weeks—that is really astonishing.

MARY WASHINGTON

[*With gracious finality.*]

Not at all, Sir. George always does what he sets out to do.

[*Calling back from the doorstep.*]

George, there's dry shirts in your second drawer. Make haste and shift. [*She goes in.*]

FAIRFAX

[*Following her, murmurs audibly.*]

Shade of Queen Anne, succour thy subject!

[*As* GEORGE *stoops to pick up his kit,* LAWRENCE *stands for a moment silent—looking off through the colonnade, where the twilight colours are deepening in the distance.*

When he speaks, GEORGE *turns at his tone, and approaches him, quietly anxious.*]

LAWRENCE

George, before we go in, I've wanted a word with you.

GEORGE

You are troubled, brother Lawrence! What is it?—What's in your mind for me?

LAWRENCE

[*Dreamily.*]

This, George: home—Mt. Vernon. That's in my mind for you, always. Look, a moment: look away down the river—the bend, there, in the sunset: quiet, full of God's fire.

GEORGE

'T is very quiet.

LAWRENCE

Yet it moves on, always.— George, what is home?

GEORGE

Why, this, where we stand—here.

LAWRENCE

[*With strangeness.*]

Aye, and there, where we look off—that bend in the river, moving on—always. So quiet! yet far down there's the sea, the roar of great waters—the sea, that leads out to Europe—the whole world, and the stars over it.

GEORGE

[*Gently.*]

Why do you speak like this?

LAWRENCE

[*With sudden impulse.*]

George—what are you to be?

GEORGE

[*Puzzled.*]

I?

LAWRENCE

Our father's father his father came first up that river. For a hundred years, this valley has been home and country to our race; and for them the river was moving on then, like now—quiet, full of God's fire at sundown. So it always moves on—and remains. So does our home, and our country.

GEORGE

[*Broodingly.*]

Home, and our country. [*Starting.*] But what makes you say this to me?

LAWRENCE

George, one day Mt. Vernon may be yours—not mine. Aye, sooner than later, for this one lung of mine can't serve me much longer.

GEORGE

Your lung?

LAWRENCE

When you were away, the doctor tested me.

GEORGE

Lawrence!

LAWRENCE

[*Smiling faintly.*]

I won't last. So I asked your mother to come over, and confer about you.

GEORGE

Me!

LAWRENCE

Your career. They're discussing it now, in there: England, America, army, navy, the country: which

would you choose yourself, George: sea, sword, or the soil?

GEORGE

Me? The mud on my boots, Lawrence: this soil of America—home. Farming for me!

LAWRENCE

Ah, so I guessed. God bless you, George! Mt. Vernon is a good farm.

GEORGE

We will make it still better.

LAWRENCE

We will?

GEORGE

Us both. We'll plan it out together—soon.

LAWRENCE

[*Murmurs.*]

Soon.

GEORGE

I will make a survey, and we'll study improvements.

[*The house door opens.*]

MARY WASHINGTON

[*Calls from the doorway.*]

George! When are you coming in? 'T is growing dark.

GEORGE

Directly, Madam.

[*The door closes.*

Together they go toward the doorstep.

Behind them, as they go,—panelled momentarily by the central arch of the colonnade—a DIM-RED FIGURE, *mysteriously cloaked and cowled, blends obscurely with the last dull red of the sunset.*]

LAWRENCE

[*Pausing at the doorway.*]

Brother, your hand! How quiet the dark comes on!—Can you hear any sound?

GEORGE

[*Slowly—listening.*]

Yes—I can hear frogs piping.—That swamp by the creek must be drained.

[*Darkness deepens over the scene, as vaguely their dim forms pass within.*

(Third Transition)

Now only the piping of frogs is heard.

Now the piping takes on a peculiar flute-like one, and grows musically louder, assuming the

notes of a melody—the tune of Bangry Rewy *ballad.*

And now the fluting ceases, as the voice of QUILLOQUON *begins to sing:*]

QUILLOQUON

Bangry Rewy acourting did ride, 3
His sword and pistol by his side.
Cambokey,
Quiddledown, quilloquon!

Bangry rode to the wild boar's den
And spied the bones of a thousand men.
Cambokey,
Quiddledown, quilloquon!

There Bangry drew his warring knife
And speared the wild boar of his life.
Cambokey,
Quiddledown, quilloquon!

Then Bangry rode him home again
Amid the cheers of a thousand men.—

[*From the dark, excited Voices begin to shout: "Hurrah! Hurrah!" and the voice of* QUILLOQUON *grows shriller as he sings:*

Cambokey!

And now—in a sudden burst of golden sunshine—the cocked hat and face of the Singer

are seen disappearing round the corner of the kitchen, left, flipping out the final refrain:

Quiddledown, quilloquon!

FOURTH ACTION

Meanwhile through the colonnade, right, three Girls and a young Man—all about twenty—come running on, shouting in gay excitement: "Hurrah! Colonel Washington!"

They are accompanied by a soldierly Fellow, in rusty British uniform.

THE FIRST GIRL

Colonel Washington! Colonel Washington!

THE SECOND

Where is the hero of the Monongahela?

THE THIRD

Run, George Fairfax: find him for us. Tell him the three Graces are come to laurel-crown him for his glorious survival of the French and Indians.

GEORGE FAIRFAX

And you think that will fetch him? Ladies, you miscalculate your hero. He may face the arms of a

thousand fighting men, but the arms of three worshipping females—never! I'll tell him three ancient market-women are come to purchase his vegetables.

[*Laughing, he runs off, left.*]

THE SECOND GIRL

Scurrilous man! "Ancient," indeed!

THE THIRD

He'll announce us as the weird witches, with humps and broomsticks.

THE FIRST

Ann Spearing, Elizabeth Dent, bow ye down with envy! Here on this spot, even I, Sally Fairfax of Belvoir, once played "Button to get Pawns for Redemption" with the renowned George Washington, and redeemed the pawns—with kisses!

ANN

(The Second.)

Sally!

ELIZABETH

(The Third.)

You kissed the master of Mt. Vernon?

SALLY

Not the master *then:* that was long before his brother Lawrence died—when George was a cub, and I was a kitten.

ANN

Tush! I will envy no felines. [*Showing a military coat which she carries.*] Behold our hero's coat, that Bishop here poached for me! In this he fought when Braddock fell; in this he fought, leading our glorious Virginians, while the yelling savages fired from the woods, and the stupid regulars ran away in their red coats. [*Turning to the Man in British uniform.*] Am not I right, Bishop?

BISHOP

Aye, ma'am: you can see four bullet-holes there, was shot in it then.

ELIZABETH

[*Examining the coat with* SALLY.]

How awful! And his horse was shot under him, you say?

BISHOP

Two horses, ma'am. Then he mounted a third, what I fetched him. That un belonged to my old General Braddock, what the General, just afore he died, he give Colonel Washington—and me to go along in his sarvice.

ANN

Think of it, girls: the whole king's army routed—seven hundred killed and wounded—and only our despised American militia to give real fight to the enemy.

BISHOP

Right enough, ma'am: your Virginia boys they fought back o' trees, like the Injuns. Clever they was! I'm a red-coat, but I says it: If my old General he'd a-took the Colonel's advice, we'd a-never been licked.

ANN

And now the whole colony is calling for Colonel Washington to raise a new army.

ELIZABETH

[*Flourishing her wreath of wild laurel.*]

Oh, where *is* he? I'm just dying to crown him!

SALLY

Here's Humphrey Knight, his farmer; he'll know.

[*Through the colonnade, right, a Man about thirty, in working clothes, is entering with an older Man about fifty, wearing a Miller's sack.* Sally *speaks to the younger Man.*]

Humphrey, where is Colonel Washington?

HUMPHREY

Well, ma'am, you might find him to the red barn, and then—you mightn't.

ELIZABETH

Come on, girls: hurry!

ANN

Wait for me!—I've a Latin quotation to go with that laurel.

[*They run off, left.*

Following Humphrey, *several Negroes enter, carrying a long wooden box, divided in six open compartments, with supporting timbers to stand on.*]

HUMPHREY

Set her thar, boys, and wait for orders. Marse Washington he'll be along soon.

[*The Negroes set down the box, and seat themselves beside the kitchen building, in the left background, where they commence a low, drowsy singing among themselves.*

Humphrey—*leaning against one of the colonnade pillars—takes from his pocket one of several wooden pins, and begins to whittle it smooth, speaking to his companion.*]

Hot weather, William.

WILLIAM

[*Pulling his fingers uneasily.*]

Aye; 'tis warm waitin'.

HUMPHREY

Waitin' for who-all?—him?

WILLIAM

Aye, him.

HUMPHREY

[*Curious.*]
For what-all?

WILLIAM

[*Importantly reticent.*]
Confidential.

HUMPHREY

Oh!—Mill ain't runnin'?

WILLIAM

[*Shaking his head.*]
She's gone dry.
[*Turning the conversation to the box.*]
What's this-yere?

HUMPHREY

Seed plantin' outfit.

WILLIAM

This late a-season?

HUMPHREY

War times, he takes his seasons when he catches 'em. Sperriments, William: sperriments in soil mixin's for wheat, oats and barley. The Cornal he's goin' in deep.

WILLIAM

Aye; he do that.

HUMPHREY

Six compartments, you see, all numbered orderly. Each one we mixes different—like marle and half marle, mud and earth sandish, cow dung, sheep dung, clay and such like.—Look: he's a-comin' now with river muck.

WILLIAM

Who's with 'm?

HUMPHREY

Yon's Cap'n John Posey—come round, I reckon, to borrer more cash off the Cornal.

[*Through the colonnade, right,* WASHINGTON *enters wheeling a hand-barrow, containing black earth and cloth bags. He wears an old straw hat and farming clothes. Seeing* HUMPHREY *and the box, he sets down the barrow, and removes his hat, mopping heavily his sun-reddened face.*

He is close followed by CAPTAIN JOHN POSEY, *a pleasant-faced, out-at-ends country squire about forty, clothed with an indigent elegance. He toys irresolutely with a bone-topped cane, and speaks with a gentle drawling.*]

CAPTAIN JOHN

Col. George, don't that wheelin' make ye perspire?

WASHINGTON

Sweat buckets, Sir, thank God! [*Pointing to the barrow.*] Humphrey, how's that? [*To the* Miller *who, with* Humphrey, *has pulled off his cap.*] Good day, William.

WILLIAM

[*Pulling his forelock.*]
Aye, your honour!

HUMPHREY

[*Testing a chunk of earth from the barrow with his fingers.*]
Right smart muck I calls it, Cornal.

CAPTAIN JOHN

I'd a-thought now, Col. George,—I'd a-thought a-wheelin' dirt was work for niggers.

WASHINGTON

Dirt, Cap'n John! This here is wealth of the Indies—gold ore, Sir. Humphrey and me we've struck a mine down the creek; eh, Humphrey?

HUMPHREY

So we hopes, Sir.

CAPTAIN JOHN

Then I'm in luck, Colonel. I come over to ask your advice.

WASHINGTON

Gold ore advice, Cap'n?

CAPTAIN JOHN

Well, kind o' mixed: lucre and love combined: Mammon and Venus, Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*Laughing.*]

That sounds like a love match!

CAPTAIN JOHN

[*Solemnly.*]

Wait till you hear. [*Glancing at* HUMPHREY *and* WILLIAM.] Could I state my case—confidential?

WASHINGTON

Of course; certainly.

[*Exchanging a look with* HUMPHREY, *who grins, he moves off with* CAPTAIN JOHN *toward the house.*]

What's your case, Cap'n?

CAPTAIN JOHN

Why, Col. George, as you pretty well know, I'm hard up, but I could a-been able to have satisfied all my old arrears some months ago by marrying an old widow woman in this county. She has large sums o' cash by her, and pretty good estate.

WASHINGTON

Sounds promising.

CAPTAIN JOHN

Yes, but damme—

WASHINGTON

What's wrong?

CAPTAIN JOHN

Well, Sir, she's as thick as she is high, and she gits drunk at least three or four a week, which is disagreeable to me, seein' when drunk she has a viliant sperrit. So it's been a great dispute in my mind what to do.

WASHINGTON

Too risky?

CAPTAIN JOHN

Why, Sir, if my last wife had a-been an even-tempered woman, I believe I should run all risks; but her sperrit has given me such a shock, I'm afraid to run the risk again. Yet, damme, I *must* marry right soon, bein' hard up. For short, Col. George, could you advise me?

WASHINGTON

Well, for short, Cap'n John, if you *must* marry and time presses, here at least are ready assets: one available widow, with cash and estate, sober three days in

the week. The other days, Sir, you are very welcome at Mt. Vernon.

CAPTAIN JOHN

[*As they turn again toward the wheelbarrow.*]

Right neighbourly, Colonel; I call that downright neighbourly.

WASHINGTON

So, Sir, if you *should* yield to Venus, I will propitiate Mammon with twenty bales of tobacco. Humphrey here will give you my order for 'em when the chimes ring.

[*Taking out a note pad, he writes on it.*]

CAPTAIN JOHN

[*Striking an oratorical attitude.*]

Col. George, posterity will beatify your name, Sir, as the best neighbour in the Potomac valley.—I will yield to Venus, Sir; I will yield promptly.

[*He goes off, left.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Handing a slip of paper to* HUMPHREY.]

Memorandum for Captain John Posey.

[*Turning to the* MILLER.]

Now, William, you have a report for me on the mill?

WILLIAM

[*Looking hard at the cap in his hands, twists it with slow fidgeting.*]

Aye, your honour—without offence—confidential.

WASHINGTON

Oh!—certainly.

[*With a wink at* HUMPHREY, *he walks away a few paces with the* MILLER. *While they stand conversing together, the Negroes continue, more loud, their drowsy singing. After a moment,* WASHINGTON *shakes the* MILLER'S *hand, with a smile, and speaks to him cheerfully as they return to* HUMPHREY.]

All right, friend William, I am pleased with your services. Call at my barn office tomorrow morning at quarter past five punctual.

WILLIAM

Thank ye kindly, Cornal—me and the mill too!

[*He goes off through the colonnade, left, smiling and muttering to himself.*

WASHINGTON *looks at* HUMPHREY, *and both grin broadly.*]

WASHINGTON

Confidential, Humphrey, where are you taking our experiment box?

HUMPHREY

Thought likely, Sir, you'd have her set by the greenhouse.

WASHINGTON

Quite right. [*To one of the Negroes.*] Here, Zekiel, you and Isaiah tote this along.

ZEKIEL

Yas'r, massa.

[*The Negroes lift the box and start off with it.*]

WASHINGTON

Wait. [*To* Humphrey.] You understand, when we fill these compartments, the different soils must be mixed very fine with the manures. [*Lifting a sack from the barrow.*] We can use a bag like this, to jabble all well together before using.

HUMPHREY

I get ye, Cornal.

WASHINGTON

Then in each division we plant three grains of wheat, three of oats, and three of barley—all at equal distance and depth. I'll show you later. Run along now, Zekiel. How's little Jerry and his Mammy?

ZEKIEL

Oh, dey's right smartish, massa.

WASHINGTON

Tell Jerry I fetched him home a rattler's skin, with nine rattles.

ZEKIEL

Golly! nine fotches de luck; I'se tell 'm, massa: he sho pop 'is eyes wif ticklement, yas'r!

[*He goes out, left, with the box.*
For a moment, WASHINGTON *stands gazing off; then, dropping the sack in the barrow, he turns suddenly and strides back and forth, stretching his arms with relish in the sunlight.*]

WASHINGTON

Ho, Humphrey, Humphrey, here's the life! By the etarnal, 'tis grand to get back home to real living again! War is a silly interruption of farming.

HUMPHREY

It do set us back, Cornal.

WASHINGTON

More than some great folks guess. If every king would raise his own vegetables, our military manuals might all be almanacks. Here's the kings of France and England, now, warring for a new world, and me helping his British Majesty, God save him, to prove his argument with gunpowder; and meantime, Humphrey, here's our home ploughing is full of stumps, and the old swamp only half drained!

HUMPHREY

Gunpowder, they say, is rare snuff for the gentry, Sir.

WASHINGTON

Yes, yes, it hets the blood, man, like rum punch! I've knowed days myself when I'd rather hear the bullets whistling than the robins, and a tom-tom drumming than a partridge. For all that, gunpowder is poor truck for farmers: 'tis a hot snuff, but a cold fertilizer. [*He looks at* HUMPHREY *whittling.*] What's that—a timber pin?

HUMPHREY

Aye, Sir; for the new cow shed.

WASHINGTON

[*Taking out a pocket knife.*]

Let me finish it. Have a seat. I've something to say to you.

HUMPHREY

[*Taking another piece of wood from his pocket, sits on the bench.*]

Thank ye, Sir.

[WASHINGTON *sits on the bag in the wheelbarrow.*

For a while, both whittle in silence; then WASHINGTON—*without looking up—speaks slowly.*]

WASHINGTON

Humphrey,—do you ever find it hard to express yourself?

HUMPHREY

Never find it nothin' else, Sir.

WASHINGTON

I guess 'tis mostly so. I guess that all the eloquence of the prophets is just to proclaim man's dumbness. As for me, Humphrey, to get back from war and watch plants growing—'tis like getting back to the first garden, and talking with the Almighty in his own language—wonder, not words.

HUMPHREY

'Tis a kind of sarvice, Sir, without the preacher. I often thought that.

WASHINGTON

Just so. And so I guess we can rightly call it that gardening—real gardening—is the Word of God. And there's three great things, Humphrey, in that religion: first, there's quiet; and second, there's order; and third, there's growth. Quiet, order, growth: there, I believe, is sound faith for a man or a nation.

HUMPHREY

I inkles your meanin', Sir.

WASHINGTON

'Tis a big meaning. Here's our country, America —a big acre to garden: Not just the clearing, stumping, fencing, furrows to turn; not just ditching and ploughing God's earth, mixing of soils: 'tis the right planting, Humphrey—planting and mixing of men, aye, and the weeding—the sowing and harvest of peace and war.

HUMPHREY

Judgin', Sir, by public meetin's in war times, there's some would plough with their tongues, and harrer with their wind-pipes.

WASHINGTON

Aye—quiet hell with hullaballoo: 'tis a common instinct. God puts in each man and nation one great desire—for liberty, liberty to grow: so most of us begin by grabbing our neighbour's garden—by the Grace of God.

HUMPHREY

Livin' together is sure kind of a tarnal tangle-patch. What do you reckon, Sir, is the way out?

WASHINGTON

Order—the order of liberty: and that means method and will to practise the love of our neighbour. Order, Humphrey, is the most beautiful thing in creation. 'T was God's command to chaos.

[*Through the colonnade, left, re-enter the*

three GIRLS *and* BISHOP. *Tiptoeing behind the pillars, they peep out and listen.*]

HUMPHREY

I wish you was home more oftener, Cornal. A feller would raise more out o' farmin'—and you along to talk with.

WASHINGTON

Somehow talking comes easier here—along with a few home folks. Out there fighting, they call me a shut-mouth man.

HUMPHREY

[*With a chuckle.*]
You, Sir? That *is* a good un!

WASHINGTON

Anyhow, here I am—home, and now, Humphrey, we'll right enough farm it, eh? I've a new plan to tell you about cattle feeding. Listen here: If we should fat one bullock altogether with potatoes, another with Indian meal, and a third—

[*Shrill cries break short his speaking.*

With a rush from the colonnade, the three GIRLS, *followed by* BISHOP, *surround the wheelbarrow, where* ELIZABETH—*from behind—waves high the laurel wreath, and lowers it on* WASHINGTON'S *head.*]

ANN AND SALLY

Crown him! Crown him!

ELIZABETH

Hail to the hero of battles!

WASHINGTON

[*Rising, flustered.*]

Ladies!

ANN

Laurels for the temple of Mars!

ELIZABETH

Oh, don't take it off!

WASHINGTON

[*Removing the wreath from his brow, looks at it, and stutters.*]

L-ladies—

SALLY

George! How wonderful to be a real triumvirate!

WASHINGTON

A what, Sally?

SALLY

A Roman warrior with three lives, and a horse apiece.

ANN

[*With a grand courtesy.*]
Exitus acta probat!

WASHINGTON

Beg pardon?

ANN

That's the motto on your shield of arms. I'm sure it must fit—it sounds so glorious: *Exitus acta*—

SALLY

Be quiet, Ann! O George, now, tell us all about the bloodshed.—But do come away from that dirty wheelbarrow.

ELIZABETH

Please tell us!

ANN

Everything!—Don't hold back the worst, will you?

WASHINGTON

Ladies, everything to oblige! Where shall I begin? You have heard, I believe, of my death and dying speech—

SALLY

Oh, several versions of each.

WASHINGTON

Permit me, then, to correct the former, while I compose the latter.

[*He attempts to withdraw.*]

ELIZABETH AND ANN

No, no! You can't run. Go on!

WASHINGTON

Next, ladies, I will narrate how our conquering army was tarnally thrashed to thunder by the enemy, who knows how to fight.

SALLY

George, that isn't heroic!

WASHINGTON

[*Raising the laurel wreath.*]

And, last, permit me to lay this tribute where it belongs—on the head of Bishop, who found me the horse that fetched me home from Ohio, to find myself—a Roman.

[*Putting the laurel on* BISHOP'S *head, he bows himself out of the girls' circle, and starts off.*]

SALLY

Don't let him escape, girls!

ANN

Nay, indeed, he sha'n't! Here's a warrant for his

captivity. Look! [*She holds up a slip of paper.*] Read what I found in a coat pocket!

ELIZABETH

[*Snatching it.*]
What is it? [*Reading aloud.*]

> One Engagement Ring
>
> 2 Pounds, 6 Shillings, 0 Pence

[*The* Girls *shout with excitement: "Engagement ring!"*]

WASHINGTON

[*Bursting out.*]
Young ladies! Where—?
[*He stops, confused.*]

SALLY

Oho! where indeed? Where does this pledge hold him captive?

ANN

Rumour answers—in a certain white house, on the Pamunkey.

SALLY

The White House!

ELIZABETH

Oh, the White House! [*To* WASHINGTON.] Nay, really—the charming Custis?

ANN

Look at him—frozen image of Guilt! Girls, we must deliver him to his fate. You see, now, where all this pathway of war is leading!—to the doorstep of a certain White House and a charming widow!

ELIZABETH

[*Coaxingly.*]

Honest, Colonel George,—are you engaged?

WASHINGTON

[*Icily.*]

Yes, madam: I am engaged in farming; and I am busy.

SALLY

[*Under her breath.*]

You hear, girls? We'd best stop teasing. [*With bated tone.*] Forgive us, George: we've been silly, but we're serious now. Do tell us about the war—what's to happen. When are you going back to take command?

WASHINGTON

[*Flashing a look of grave feeling.*]

Never—till I am offered it. His Majesty has never yet commissioned me to honourable command. I will

never again accept of less, while brave men are butchered wholesale, with flags flying.

[*From the left, an* Officer *in British uniform, carrying a document with seals, is hurrying in. He is about to pass* Washington, *but stops, speaking short of breath.*]

He is followed, more slowly, by a tattered country Fellow, carrying a fiddle.]

THE OFFICER

I beg pardon, Sir. Is this Colonel Washington?

WASHINGTON

It is, Sir.

THE OFFICER

[*Saluting, hands him the document.*]

I come from headquarters, Colonel. I bring you here his Majesty's commission.

WASHINGTON

[*Takes it, clenching his jaw; then speaks, slowly.*]

What commission, Sir?

THE OFFICER

As Commander of all the Colonial forces in Virginia.

[Washington *stares at him.*]

The Girls *cry out exultantly, clapping their hands.*]

THE GIRLS

Colonel Washington—commander by commission! Called back to his country!

[*In the midst of their cries, the* FIDDLER *draws his bow on his fiddle strings. At its sound, pitched high and sweet like the* GIRLS' *voices, black darkness blots out the scene—to a tune still playing from the darkness.*]

(*Fourth Transition*)

The tune deepens to an old plantation melody, to which the strings of the fiddle now are struck with low strumming.

Very faintly, at first, the mellow voices of NEGRO MEN *begin to sing in choral harmony, with which soon the voices of* WOMEN *and* CHILDREN *join.*

THE VOICES

Adam and Eba, wipe yo' eyes,
'Tain't no good fo' ter gaze at de garden;
Closed is de do's ob Paradise;
'Tain't no good fo' ter axe no pardon.

Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Eden home is far away.—

Oh, nebber mind!
I'll lay my heart down,
Down in de lap ob ol' Virgin-ee-ay!

Moses, drop dat ol' staf in yo' hand,
'Tain't no use yo' eyesight strainin';
'Tain't fo' you no promise' land;
Egypt won't nebber turn into Canaan.

Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Eden home is far away.—
Oh, nebber mind!
I'll lay my heart down,
Down in de lap ob ol' Virgin-ee-ay!

While this Chorus is growing louder, out of the darkness—one by one—lanterns begin to shine, casting mysterious shadows through the colonnade, gradually revealing grouped forms and colourful movements of festal preparation.

FIFTH ACTION

Like a moving frieze in the background—to and fro between house and kitchen—Negroes are passing, some in gay liveries, others with bright body-

cloths, that set off the burnished ebony of their limbs. All bear on their heads, or in their hands, trenchers and trays, heaped with dishes from the meal indoors, from which the hum of after-supper talk and laughter resounds through the open house-door.

Among the Negroes are MAMMY SAL, ZEKIEL *and* ISAIAH.

MAMMY SAL—*appearing slightly older than before—resplendent in pied head-gear, bustles proudly in her overseering.*

Through the Chorus as it dies away, her voice is heard—in half-chanted cadence—speaking to the passing Figures.

MAMMY SAL

Keep on a-movin' on: ri'chon in, ri'chon in: keep on a-movin' on in, dar! O Zekiel, now's de glory we been waitin'. De bride an' de groom, de groom an' de bride—blessed be de bride an' de bridegroom!

ZEKIEL

Big doin's, Mammy Sal: sho big doin's dis yere night at de home manshin!

MAMMY SAL

W'en de man he bring de noo woman home, w'en de massa he bring home de noo missy-bride—praise de Lo'd ob Crayshun!—den shall de feas' be spread, an' de fiddle he's say *Glory!* an' de feet dey's holler

Amen! an' de evenin' stars dey's all grab a-han's, fo' ter sing de Crayshun *Hallelujah!*

ZEKIEL

An' I done hear tell, Mammy Sal, w'at de war she's all ober, an' de Injuns dey's got lickt an' got de 'ligion, so's Marse Corn'l Washin'n done could put on 's silk stockin's, and wed 'is lady-bride down de W'ite House.

MAMMY SAL

An' you done hear tell de gospel troof, Zekiel:

War-fightin'—done gone forebber:
Hang up de musket-gun!
Weddin' an' feas-a-tin' comin' now forebber:
Take down de fiddle-bow!

O honey Marse George!—an' him now de bride-groom, w'at his ole Mammy Sal done feed up wid de co'n pone, in de boy-time ob 's years!

ZEKIEL

But w'ar' de bride?

MAMMY SAL

W'at! you ain't seen her yit? Watch out: he's a-bringin' her now wid de neighbours an' gues's. Dey's a-comin' ou'chere, fo' ter dance de welcome-home rinktums.

ZEKIEL

But w'ich-a-one be ri'chenough Missy Washin'n?

MAMMY SAL

Watch out, I'm a-tellin' you, fo' de rose-flower lady, wid de two li'l bud-flower chilluns. De boy-chile, he Marse Jack Custis; an' de gal-chile sister, she Missy Patty; an' dey lady-mudder—w'at was Missy Martha Custis—she ri'chenough now Marse George' bride—Missy Washin'n. [*Turning to the tray-bearers.*] Keep on a-movin' on, dar: ri'chon in, now!

[*While* Mammy Sal *has been speaking, there has come forth from the house a happy throng of Guests, chiefly young people, who gather buzzing on the grass and about the colonnade—their old-time gowns and buckles gleaming in the lantern-shine.*

Among the last—preceded down the steps by a Fiddler, *who treads backward before them,—come* George *and* Martha Washington, *in their wedding costumes.*

Riding high on his left shoulder, Washington *carries a little* Girl; *before him—and next to the* Fiddler—*a little* Boy *bears the fiddle; while* Washington, *with his right hand, escorts the Bride to the centre middleground.*

There the Fiddler *mounts a table against a column, while a clamour of shouts goes up from the* Guests.]

THE GUESTS

The bride! Long live the bride! God save the groom!

WASHINGTON

[*Lifting the little* BOY *upon his right shoulder.*]

Friends, permit me to present these mascots of Mt. Vernon—Mistress Patty and Master Jack.

[*The* GUESTS *applaud; the* CHILDREN *wave from their high seats.*]

They shall preside with the Fiddler!

[*Gaily, he swings the* CHILDREN *from his shoulders upon the table.*

The GUESTS *applaud again, and* CAPTAIN JOHN POSEY *cries out from among them:*]

CAPTAIN JOHN

The bride! Speech from the bride!

[*The* GUESTS *take up the call.*]

MARTHA WASHINGTON

[*Laughing, lifts the keys at her girdle, and jingles them.*]

Nay, my dears, not from me! In the house of the Washingtons, I am Keeper of the Keys, but the Speaker of the House is the Colonel.

[*She makes a low courtesy to* WASHINGTON.]

POSEY

Three cheers for Colonel George and his lady! Hip, hip [ALL: *"Hurray!"*], Hip hip [ALL: *"Hurray!"*], Hip hip [ALL: *"Hurray!"*].

WASHINGTON

Neighbours, my friends, in the name of Mistress Washington and myself, I return your welcome. The gates of Mt. Vernon shall always swing both ways:—inward, to welcome our neighbours; outward, to carry our neighbourly Godsend as far as the road winds. And now happily our wishes are granted us, within and without. These personal joys are sanctified by public peace.

[Murmurs from the Guests: *"Amen!" "Praise be for that!" etc.*]

Our country, too, holds house-warming: her long wars are over. We have offered her our lives in battle for the only goal free men of America will fight for—unrankling peace.

[The Guests: *"Hear, hear!" "You've won it for us, Colonel!" etc.*]

And so, on this gracious May night, the repose of a great continent likens the repose of our hearts: no bloody massacres impend; no cries of persecution call us to take arms. Here, at last, we are camped at home, where now we may set our bayonets as chimney-spits, to turn roast fowl; and our swords in scythe-handles, to trim a dancing-green; and practise our marching orders—in a Virginia reel.

[The Guests: *"The reel!" "On with the reel!"*]

[Washington *turns, with a bow, to* Martha.]

How say you, Patsy,—are we partners?

MARTHA

Partners, George,—as long as the Fiddler shall play.

WASHINGTON

Ho, then, Master Fiddler, strike up: and mind you don't stop—short o' doomsday!

[*From his raised place beside the two* CHILDREN, *the* FIDDLER *flourishes his bow, and puts fiddle to chin.*

In the background, the Negroes look on, grinning and excited.

Choosing partners, the Guests take places for a Virginia reel—GEORGE *and* MARTHA WASHINGTON *as first couple.*

At stroke of the fiddle, they begin joyously to dance, and—spangling the lantern-lit dark—dance on, while the Curtain falls.]

END OF ACT I

ACT II

ACT II

SIXTH ACTION

Before the curtain rises, a deep, muffled explosion behind it has ushered a confusion of sounds from within: Jangling and tolling of bells, half articulate shouts and bursts of singing, babble of jeering voices and beating of drums,—these are mingled with the cracking percussion of musketry and the long far roll of cannonading.

So, amid obscurity and vague din, indeterminate as noises heard in dreams, one hardly observes the rise of the curtain upon a lurid scene, throughout the acting of which only occasional glimpses (caught from the flare of a torch or a pole-lantern) reveal in turmoil the passing and grouping of Revolutionary figures, that appear less like real men, women and children than their images conjured behind the closed eye-lids of fevered sleep.

First, in the distance, drawing nearer, Voices of Men are heard singing in uproar.

THE SINGERS

Oh, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea
To Adam, old Adam, our Lord He gave free,

Till the lord of taxation
Cried, "*I* made creation!
I will take for my dish
Every fowl, every fish."
Derry down, down! Hey, derry down!

VOICES

[*Of persons dimly seen in the foreground.*]
Here they come—the Liberty Boys! Hurray!
Who's that they're riding on the pole?
A Tory: he's a Tory! They've stripped him naked. He's tarred and feathered.
Here they come! Hoho,—see the Tory King-bird!

[*Whirled by in the flashing of lanterns, a fantastic human Form, blackened and stuck all with feathers, rides high on a pole borne on the shoulders of Young Men, who rush past and off the scene, still yelling their song.*]

THE LIBERTY BOYS

So the sons of old Adam, with Liberty Tree
Tossed the fish in the air and the fowl in the sea,
Crying, "Lord of foul weathers,
Your fish shall wear feathers
Till the tar of your tax
Melts offen their backs."
Derry down, down! Hey, derry down!

VOICES

I—They'll moult that bird in the duck pond.

REVOLUTION

II—They'll be back soon and join us. Who's next?
III—Old Myles Cooper.
II—What—the College President?
III—Aye, we'll tar him next: he's a Tory.
IV—He's inside there now, but we're layin' for him.

A VOICE

[*Calling like a Street-Crier.*]
Ballad! Buy your penny-ballad!

[*Carrying a bunch of narrow paper strips, the tattered Figure of* Quilloquon *is glimpsed moving among others in the dimness, hawking ballads and reciting snatches of them.*]
Hearken, patriots!

'That land of slaves, where snares are laid,
There royal rights all right defeat:
They taxed my sun, they taxed my shade,
They taxed the wretched crumbs I eat;

'They taxed my hat, they taxed my shoes,
Fresh taxes still on taxes grew;
They would have taxed my very nose
Had I not fled, dear friends, to you.'

A VOICE

[*Followed by laughter.*]
Sure, then, even your nose ain't safe over here.

OTHER VOICES

[*One*]

'Whoever would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety, deserves neither liberty nor safety.'

[*Several*]

Right! right!

[*Three in Conversation*]

I. 'Can you conceive a greater absurdity: Three millions of people running to their seacoast every time a ship arrives from London, to know what portion of liberty they should enjoy?'

II. 'And all because of a King!'

III. 'And what hath a King to do, more than make war, give away places, impoverish the nation and set it by the ears?'

I. 'A pretty business, indeed, for a man to be allowed eight hundred thousand sterling for.'

II. 'And worshipped into the bargain—ha!'

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON

Ballad! Get your penny ballad!

'O Boston wives and maids, draw near and see
Our delicate Souchong and Hyson tea;
Buy it, my charming girls, fair, black or brown,—
If not, we'll cut your throats and burn your town.'

VOICES

I. Tom Paine has the right of it: 'Government,

like dress, is the badge of lost innocence—a mode rendered necessary by the inability of moral virtue to govern the world.'

II. And yet they put their soldiers to govern us.

I. 'Aye, forsooth! but military power is by no means calculated to convince the understandings of men. It may perhaps in another part of the world affright women and children and weak men out of their senses, but it will never awe a sensible American tamely to surrender his liberty.'

III. That's what Sam Adams told 'em in Boston.

[*On the left, raised suddenly from the ground, appears an improvised pulpit of black, into which a black-gowned Figure mounts and intones loudly—in the voice of* Quilloquon:]

THE GOWNED FIGURE

[Quilloquon]

Brethren of the Congregation!

THE CROWD

The Preacher! Listen to the Preacher!

THE GOWNED FIGURE

[Quilloquon]

Give ear unto my parable!

[*Raising aloft a great volume.*]

Hark to the scriptures of Jonathan, the son of John, and father of Samuel, uncle of tribes to be:

Lo, my text is from 'The First Book of the American Chronicles of the Times.'

[*Opening the volume, he reads by the light of a lantern held by one of the crowd.*]

'And behold! When the tidings came to the great city that is afar off, how the men of Boston, even the Bostonites, had arose a great multitude, and destroyed the Tea, and cast it into the midst of the Sea—

[*The* CROWD *murmur and laugh.*]

'Then the Lord the King waxed exceeding wroth,

'And he assembled together the Princes, the judges, all the rulers of the people,

'And they smote their breasts and said, "These men fear thee not, O King, neither have they worshipped the Tea Chest, which thou hast set up, whose length was three cubits, and the breadth thereof one cubit and a half.

[A VOICE *intones from the crowd: "Miserable sinners!"*]

' "Now, therefore, make a decree that their harbours be blocked up, that their merchants may be broke, that their ships that goeth upon the waters may be sunk in the depth thereof, that their cods and their oil may stink, for that they have rebelled against thee."

[A VOICE: "Mercy upon us!"

OTHER VOICES, *in groaning unison: "Miserable sinners!"*]

'And it came to pass that the King harkened to these sons of Belial.

'Then arose Mordecai, the Benjaminite, who was fourscore and five years old, a wise man, an astrologer—

[A Voice: *"Old Ben Franklin, I bet ye!—He can fly a kite that'll blow kings to thunder over there before doom's day."*

Other Voices: *"Amen!"*]

'And the Benjaminite said,

' "O King, they hide the truth from thee, and wrongfully accuse the men of Boston.—O King, if thou art wise, thou wilt understand these things."

'But behold! one of the King's counsellors said, "Thou liest.

' "Hearken, O King! The men of New England are stiff necked and as stubborn hogs; they are worse than all the plagues of Egypt: They go to and fro in the evening and *grin* like a dog. Surely, O King, the spirit of Oliver or the devil is got in them."

[A Voice: *"Aye—Oliver Cromwell's devil!"*]

'And behold the Rulers of the People cried out vehemently, "Persecute them!"

'And they sent their battering rams against the city, and their cannon, which bellowed out fire and smoke and brimstone.

'And they planted these on the neck of the Bostonites and laid siege against it.

'And they made mouths and said, "Let us pinch them by famine, and they will surely give up."

[*Groans from the* CROWD.]

'And they drummed with their drums and piped with their pipes, and they abused the young children of Boston, calling them *Yankees.*

'And the young men said, "We will not bear this! Seven times have they vexed us, and they gape as it were a ramping lion; let us go and smite the heathen."

[VOICES: *"Amen!" "Hip and thigh!"*]

'But the Benjaminite, the wise man, said, "Nay, my sons, pluck up your hearts like young unicorns. Let us bow not down to the Tea Chest, but let us send Messengers to all the coasts of our brethren the Americanites, to join with us and resist these rulers—we that be one people, and serve one God—so that we be not slaves." '

THE CROWD

[*With a great shout.*]

Aye—aye—Amen! The Americanites! America!

[*Clamouring toward the* PREACHER, *they overwhelm the improvised pulpit, which flounders down in the jumble of darkness, amid which* QUILLOQUON *disappears.*]

Hurrah for the Liberty Boys! Here they come back!

[*From the left, the* LIBERTY BOYS *come rushing on again, shouting a medley of cries as they come.*]

THE LIBERTY BOYS

King's College! King's College! King's College!

Tar the President! He's a Tory!—Tar him!
The rack for him—the rack!
Tory Cooper! Old Clergy Cooper!
Be quiet, boys: Sing him *Liberty Lullaby!*

[*In Chorus, they burst into singing:*]

Toss-a-by, Tory, on the tree-top;
When Freedom blows, your kingdom will rock:
When Freedom strikes, your kingdom will fall,
And down will come Tory, King, Crown and all!
Toss-a-by, toss-a-by, toss-a-by, Tory!
Toss-a-by, toss-a-by, toss-a-by, Tory!—

[*The singing breaks off with a roar of jeers and cat-calls, which turn to hisses, as, at the top of the steps, a gowned man is dragged forth.*]

Sss! There he is! Tar him!—Hang him! A halter!

A LEADER

[*Swinging a lantern.*]

Silence! Be quiet there! Let the Reverend Doctor speak his funeral oration.

[*Lowering his voice to a tone of ironic deference.*]

Minister Myles Cooper, you are called to address the pall-bearers.

[*A white-haired Man, gowned in black, steps forward and speaks with a quiet, cultivated enunciation, raising his voice only slightly.*]

PRESIDENT COOPER

Gentlemen of New York—

[Jeers: *"Boo! Boo! Gentry be damned!"*]

This is not a proper occasion to call on a Royalist to express his—

VOICES

[*Interrupting.*]

Royalist! He owns he's a Royalist.

THE LEADER

Be still, boys! Since his Reverence declines an oration, perchance he prefers a catechism.

[*With mock bow.*]

Beseech your Worship to inform our ignorance: What honourable institution is this?

COOPER

This, Sir, as you well know, is King's College.

THE LEADER

Wrong, your Reverence! I know a college, when I see one; but what, Sir, is a king?

[Voices: *"Aye, what's a king?"*]

COOPER

[*With polite and stinging contempt.*]

Gentlemen, you are drowned in Madeira. Vilify me, if you will; but when you blaspheme his Majesty, the King—

THE LEADER

[*Stilling a storm of hisses, as he waves a wine-bottle.*]

Wrong again, Master Cooper! His Majesty is drowned—not us. He was lately drowned in a pot of tea, which his fair daughter Columbia brewed him with salt-water. In consequence, poor old mummy, his royal remains are now in a pickle.

A VOICE

[*Followed by laughter.*]

Hanoverian tripe!

THE LEADER

So, Sir, henceforth his fair daughter Columbia is mistress of our vows. Hail, Columbia! In thy name I break now this bottle of Madeira, and baptize for ever this shrine of American youth—*Columbia College!*

SHOUTS

Long live Columbia College!

A VOICE

And to hell with the Tory President of King's.

VOICES

String him! Shave his head! Cut off his ears! Slit his nose! Strip him naked!

[*With a rush, the* Crowd *surges up the steps, at the top of which a lithe young* Figure *sud-*

denly leaps upon a railing and halts them with voice and gesture.]

THE YOUNG FIGURE

Liberty Boys! Wait! A word!

VOICES

Hold on, there! Listen!

THE LEADER

Who are you?

THE YOUNG FIGURE

I am a student of this college.—I ask to speak for it.

VOICES

A collegian! A collegian!

THE LEADER

What's your party?

THE YOUNG FIGURE

The American party

THE LEADER

Your name?

THE YOUNG FIGURE

Alexander Hamilton.

VOICES

Hamilton—he's a patriot.—He helped us move the

cannon by the river this morning.—Let him speak!

THE LEADER

[*Sullenly.*]
Do as you like!

HAMILTON

Liberty Boys! I am one of you. Do you remember our battle-cry?

SHOUTS

Liberty and Reason for ever!

HAMILTON

Liberty and *Reason:* Those are the noblest watchwords of mankind: those are the radiant lamps that burn in our country's eyes: they guide her steps; they reveal her goal; without them she would be blind. Who, then, shall dare to extinguish them?

VOICES

Nobody! Let 'em dare!

HAMILTON

Fellow-countrymen, in our country's honour you have rechristened my alma mater. I rejoice in her new-born name—Columbia College. In that name, I rejoice that you have sought out this man—this college president—to confront him here on these steps with the irrefutable arguments of Liberty and Reason.

THE LEADER

Who's arguing? What's this?

COOPER

[*Addressing the* Crowd *and pointing at* Hamilton.]

Gentlemen, don't listen to him, for God's sake! He's a mad rebel—worse sober than you others drunk. The game is up, gentlemen! Take me: ride me on your rail, but deliver me from his raillery.

[*Several start to seize the old Man.*]

HAMILTON

[*Intervening.*]

Wait! Will you hear *him*—or me?

SHOUTS

You—you! Gag the old Royalist.

HAMILTON

Royalist! Now you have named him. My friends, he calls us rebels, but will the learned master of the college tell us—what is a Royalist?

SHOUTS

A crown-kisser—a tyrant's boot-licker!

HAMILTON

A man who supports his monarch against his people. A Royalist, then, himself is the arch-rebel: a

rebel to Magna Charta, a rebel to the Constitution, a rebel to the ancient liberties of his own race.

A VOICE

So he is!

HAMILTON

For, mark you, friends: if there be reason in liberty, rulers exist for their peoples, not peoples for their rulers; and whenever, wherever on this earth rulers shall choose to argue the contrary—

[*The* Crowd *cheers wildly.*]

rulers become rebels to their people, and may take the consequences.

SHOUTS

Aye, aye, aye! To hell with rulers and kings! Liberty and Reason for ever!

HAMILTON

You hear, Master President: You behold the consequences in America.

COOPER

Aye, Sir, I hear your counter arguments—the yelping of curs, the belling of hounds for blood. I behold you, American patriots:—a mob of bankrupts and shopkeepers, attorneys in tatters, cobblers without shoes, tinkers of broken lanterns—prolitarian upstarts!

SHOUTS

String him up! Away with him!

HAMILTON

Stay! Hear him out!

[*The* CROWD *pauses, but growls with menace.*]

COOPER

Aye, young bullies, cowards! I am an old man, a peaceful minister of God. You attack me, an hundred to one. But, praise God and King George, I am a British Royalist, afraid of no Yankee ragtails. So here, I stand, alone: alone, and I challenge *you* to defend yourselves. Liberty and Reason—those are your rebel appeals to Ribaldry and Madness.

[*The* CROWD *roars terribly.* HAMILTON *leaps on the rail again and raises his lantern.*]

HAMILTON

Patriots! You hear his challenge. Will you take it?

SHOUTS

[*Fiercely.*]

Aye, aye! We'll answer him!

HAMILTON

Bravo, fellow Americans!—And I will be your spokesman. He has made a brave stand—a pathetic plea—this man of peace—this old Royalist who stands alone: all alone,—except for the army of England: all

alone, poor minister—except for the ministry of Great Britain; all, all alone, poor imperialist—except for the power of the imported king and the princes and nobility and parliament and press and embattled navy of the mightiest empire of the world.

VOICES

Hear, hear! Go to it, boy!

HAMILTON

Still, we accept his challenge—not as of might, but of right. Curs, he calls us—hounds belling for blood: Are we that breed?

VOICES

No, no. Damn him!

HAMILTON

We Americans—are we the watchdogs that have faced for a century of blood the fangs of wild beasts, the tomahawks of wilder men, to guard the frontiers of a new world? Or has this continent been defended —by the King's fox-hounds in Hyde Park?

A VOICE

[*Amid shrill whistlings.*]

Hamilton to the death! Sic 'im, collegian!

HAMILTON

"Bankrupts," "Attorneys in tatters": Aye, Sir: we own to your impeachment.—Bankrupted by *whom?*

VOICES

The King!—Parliament!

HAMILTON

[*Turning to the* Crowd.]
Who taxed us without representation?

VOICES

Parliament! Parliament!

HAMILTON

Who imposed the Stamp Act?

A SHOUT

Royalists! Royalists!

HAMILTON

Who made them repeal it?

A GREATER SHOUT

Americans!

HAMILTON

Who forged new fetters: forced us to choose slavery or freedom, and when we rejected slavery—who sealed up our harbours, tore up our charters, lodged soldiers in our homes and confiscated our rights as citizens?

SHOUTS

The King. The Ministry! Tyrants!

HAMILTON

Bankrupt—aye, in bread, but not in brains. Tattered attorneys, yes—and the tatters we wear are fouled rags of the once noble vestments of Britain's majesty; but the rights our intellects plead, and our passions adore, are validated by the majesty of mankind. They are not to be rummaged for among old parchments, or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power?

A VOICE

[*From the* Crowd—*now held in a deep-breathing silence.*]

Amen!

HAMILTON

Cobblers and tinkers—and why not? Cobblers without shoes—we shall mend the wing-torn sandals of Liberty, that she may run once more among the stars; tinkers—we shall make old lanterns new again and, like Aladdin, make genii, instead of men, the slaves of Reason.

VOICES

Liberty and Reason for ever!

HAMILTON

Aye, Liberty and Reason—so we return to our

watchwords. But this Royalist has challenged us. He says, when we use those watchwords, we are hypocrites.

A VOICE

He lies in his throat.

HAMILTON

Bravo! Shall we prove to him he lies?

VOICES

You bet!—Make him swallow his apple.

HAMILTON

[*Thrusting* COOPER *behind him in the obscurity of the doorway, speaks with increasing fervour and rapidity.*]

For *us*, he says, Liberty and Reason are Ribaldry and Madness. Is it so? When we preach Liberty, do we really practise—Madness?

VOICES

No! no!

HAMILTON

When we preach Reason, do we practise Ribaldry?

VOICES

Never! Not us!

HAMILTON

Then, boys of Liberty and Reason, he has slandered

us. He has lied. We American patriots are no mob. We are not mad—like Parliament. We are not ribald—like the Royalists. We attorneys, tinkers, cobblers—at least our manners may compare with a college President's.

[Voices: *"Hoho! I reckon!"*]

Sometimes, to be sure, we poke our tongues in our cheeks. We will play-act a mob—in jest; we will lullaby old helpless Tories—chaff 'em for fun. We have our own humour—home-made; we wouldn't be Yankees without it. Yet, simple and merry as we are, we have not sold our self-respect to tyrants, nor our own native dignity to kings.—Say, then, my fellow Americans! How shall we heap confusion on this man? How shall we meet his cynical challenge? Shall we mob-ride him on a rail, and lose our challenged honour of Liberty and Reason? Or shall we let him go in liberty—and *win* the challenge?

[*For a moment follows an awkward silence, filled with low murmurs and shifting of feet. Then a Voice cries: "Win out for us! Let him go!" Then a confusion of muttered protests and voices: "Nay, nay! He's a liar," drowned by louder, good-natured jeers and cries of, "Sure he is! Aye—let him go! Let the old fool go!"*

Then suddenly, through the dimness, up the steps rushes the figure of the Leader, *and—leaping on the rail—yells to the* Crowd *savagely.*]

THE LEADER

Let him go—you young fools? Damn you all, he's gone! Old Tory Cooper is *gone!* He has escaped by the back door. Catch him!

[*He jumps down.*

A howl of exasperation bursts from the CROWD.

In roaring tumult, the LIBERTY BOYS *rush off in the darkness, screaming: "Catch him! Ride him to the river!"*

(*Fifth Transition*)

From beside the railing, the shadowy form of the ballad-hawker (QUILLOQUON) *comes dancing down the steps, singing shrilly through the uproar:*]

QUILLOQUON

There was a young fellow who followed the plough;
Sing halifor band if I do:
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new, new!

[*In the foreground, he is joined by a* BOY *and a* GIRL *from the dispersing Crowd, and there, while the last lanterns are disappearing, he takes*

QUILLOQUON
AS BALLAD-HAWKER

their hands in a capering round dance, still singing:]

The Devil set fire to his rick and his mow;
Sing nickel, sing nackel, sing new:
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new, new!

Ho, neighbours, fetch axes and buckets and mire!
What help is my plough, when my farm is on fire?
Sing halifor band if I do:
Sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,
Sing new, new!

[*During this dance and song, the blue curtains of the theatre have closed off the scene, shutting the Dancers outside.*]

The last note of his refrain QUILLOQUON'S *voice holds in a long-drawn-out quaver, which is just ceasing when—from within—the final three notes of the tune are heard repeated by a flute-like music.*
QUILLOQUON *pauses, stock-still. Raising one finger for the Children to listen, he sings again:*

'Sing new, new!'

From within comes the flute-like echo.
Slyly, QUILLOQUON *takes out his own flute, and stepping near the curtains plays on it the three notes.*

Once more, from within, they are repeated.

With a knowing gesture, QUILLOQUON *parts the curtains just enough to stick his head through behind them, jerks it out again, beckons to the Children, holds a narrow slit open and signs for them to peep through with him.*

They do so, then draw back and look up at him with an awed smile.

He whispers to them, places the little GIRL'S *hand on the left curtain, the* BOY'S *on the right, makes a gesture of silence, waves to them a narrow strip of ballad-paper, and—stealing through between the curtains—disappears.*

And now—as notes of a flute are heard again from within—the GIRL *and* BOY *begin to draw the curtains back, and move with them, on either side, to the wings of the stage, where—from left and right—they peer momentarily at the scene.*

SEVENTH ACTION

The scene reveals the colonnade at Mt. Vernon (as in Act I).

Here, in the background, piled at left and right, luggage and travelling boxes are stacked.

On a chest, in the middle ground, sits WASHINGTON.

He is alone.

Raised to his lips he holds a flute; across one of his knees lies a narrow strip of ballad-paper.

He is playing the music of 'Bands and Rebels'—midway of which he pauses, lets his hand with the flute sink beside him, and stares with grave intensity at the ballad-strip—his lips only moving.

In the sunlight, his strong features show lines more mature than formerly. He is clad in the buff-and-blue of a Colonial colonel: his head is bare; his long locks, tied in a queue, are touched slightly with grey; his hat and cape are laid near him.

For a moment the silence is profound.

Then, raising his flute, he continues playing the melody.

With its close, as a trilling repetition of the last three notes sounds in the air above him, a Head peeps out from the upper window of the kitchen. It is QUILLOQUON. *At his mouth he holds his flute. His eyes are laughing.*

As WASHINGTON *glances up curiously,* QUILLOQUON'S *head disappears.*

Meantime from the house, MARTHA WASHINGTON *has come out.*

She is dressed in simple homespun. Under a small, white cap, her brown hair is still untouched with grey, and her dark eyes flash youthfully as they look toward the seated figure.

In her hand she carries a sheathed sword and girdle.

As she draws near, WASHINGTON *by a gesture motions for her to listen.*

MARTHA

[*Looking up with him.*]
A Kentucky cardinal!

WASHINGTON

Close by.

MARTHA

They always sing in the sycamore. Spring sets 'em at their old tricks again.

WASHINGTON

And us at ours, Patsy. The first flute I ever played was a willow whistle. I cut it by the river. I used to try fooling the mocking-birds. I'm trying my hand again now.

MARTHA

I was looking for your flute, George.
[*Taking it from his hand.*]
I've come to pack it for you, and bring you this.
[*She sits beside him.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Slowly, looking down at the sword.*]
Thanks. I'll want 'em both, I reckon,—before I get back.
[*A medley of bird-like flutings bursts through*

the sunlight above them, and continues to bubble forth while they talk below.

Restraining a surge of emotion, Washington *looks up again.*]

Listen there: That fellow's going it good. He must have just found a mate.

MARTHA

Nonsense, my dear: he found her long ago. There's a couple has nested by that chimney every season—these sixteen years.

WASHINGTON

Sixteen years—the same old pair?

MARTHA

I'll stake my oath on 'em. I've named 'em George and Patsy. April always finds 'em here, busy home-building—though George he flies away at times to forage.

[*Laying her hand on his, she smiles—a bit wistfully.*]

But he don't stay long away, and he always comes back whistling.

WASHINGTON

[*Smiling back at her.*]

I'll warrant him! And I'll stake *my* oath, my dear, on all his foragings he keeps a bird's-eye-view of Mt. Vernon, and maps his trail by a sycamore tree, a bend

in the river, a home chimney, and the little white cap of Patsy, his mate.

[*Lifting his face from hers, he closes his eyes, tensely, murmuring low.*]

O God, to whom men pray!

MARTHA

[*After a moment of stillness.*]

Will it be long this time?—Will it, George?

WASHINGTON

A long trail into the wilderness! Playing that flute there, Patsy, I've been watching it all—far off.

MARTHA

Watching what, George?

WASHINGTON

[*Rising slowly to his feet.*]

A smoke of darkness, and our country burning: a forest of men on fire!—Wild beasts broke from their lairs.—A mad bully with a crown, driving his yoke of swine and mules, to fight the flames with fish-oil.—Leaders, a few brave lads, crying in the wilderness for axes, to fell a path in the jungle, and save the homes of millions.

[*Pointing to the strip of ballad-paper, on the ground.*]

There! 'Tis all there—in a penny ballad.

MARTHA

[*Lifting it.*]
What's this?

WASHINGTON

An old song—and a new. You'll remember it.

MARTHA

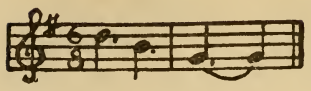
[*Reading.*]
"There was a young fellow who followed the plough,
The Devil set fire to his rick and his mow."—

WASHINGTON

[*Peering over her shoulder at the ballad slip.*]
"Ho, neighbours, fetch axes and buckets and mire!—
[*Taking it from her.*]
What help is my plough, when my farm is on fire?"
[*Crumpling the paper, he flings it away.*]
Aye, Patsy my own, 'tis over—our sixteen years! No more nest-building in the mow, for now 'tis save the farm, and 'sing bands and rebels and rebels and troubles,' and good-bye to the old time together.

MARTHA

[*Rises, with a glow and a smile.*]
Why, then, George, 'tis time to 'sing new, new' together.—I'll pack this flute in your saddle. So, all the long trail, lad, you've only to whistle for your mate—
[*She whistles the last three notes of the ballad:*



and before you can say *Jack Robinson!* you'll be seeing her.

[*Above them, from the window,* Quilloquon *with his flute repeats the three notes.*]

WASHINGTON

[*With a boyish gladness.*]

Aye, listen!—like that bird! and I'll be standing beside you under the sycamore. And you, when I'm gone, and you hear that fellow in the tree bough—

MARTHA

I'll be flying to you under his wing, even were it dead winter and all the world buried.

WASHINGTON

Dear old Pats!

MARTHA

[*Drawing away from his caress, and saluting like the military.*]

Sergeant Pat, Sir,—of the Sarvice! Beggin' Colonel Washington's permission, could I have the honour for to buckle-on his sword?

WASHINGTON

[*With a laugh.*]

Go to it, Sergeant!

MARTHA

[*Raising the sword upright, in her right hand.*]

To defend the farm, and confound the Devil—his Majesty: swear to heaven on this hilt, Colonel Washington!

WASHINGTON

[*With a grave smile.*]

I swear on this hilt—to heaven.

[*Bending over, he kisses her hand on the hilt.*]

MARTHA

[*Lowering the sword—with twinkling quickness.*]

But you *didn't* swear, Colonel.

WASHINGTON

[*With vehemence.*]

Damn his Majesty! Will that serve?

MARTHA

Aye, Sir: Amen!

[*As she begins to gird on his sword,* MAMMY SAL—*who has come round the kitchen end of the colonnade—approaches, raising both arms toward them.*]

MAMMY SAL

Amen an' Hallelujah, my chilluns! Dis yere bride an' groom ob de Springtime dey ain't nebber faded in de summer-come-after, and dey gwine keep a-bloomin' in de fros'-kill an' de sun-raise-alive-ag'in, forebber and ebber, amen!

[*From the distance come sounds of fife and drum.*]

WASHINGTON

Howdy mornin', Mammy Sal! What's that music I hear over yonder?

MAMMY SAL

Dunno, Marse George, jes' on'y what-all Marse Patrick Henry he say. He's acomin' up now from de red barn, wid his ole Lo'dship Marse Fairfax—talkin' mighty hot togedder: He say de del'gachun folkses from Al'sandria dey's marchin' wid de music for to fotch you ag'in to de fightin' far 'way.

WASHINGTON

[*To* Martha.]
Lord Fairfax—here?

MARTHA

He's drove up from Greenaway Court.

WASHINGTON

What for?

MARTHA

To persuade you not to desert the good king's cause.

WASHINGTON

Ha—indeed!—Mammy Sal, tell the farm overseers to meet me at my office. I have some last instructions to give before I leave.

MAMMY SAL

Yas'r, Massa. Jes' one jiffy.

[*Taking something from her girdle.*]

Yere's what I fotch you, honey, fo' ter keepsake yo' ole Mammy Sal.

[*She hands it.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Taking it.*]

What's this-yere?

MAMMY SAL

I reckons you 'members it, Marse honey. Dat's de ole roas' fowl spit, fo' you ter stick in yo' fightin' gun.

WASHINGTON

[*With a laugh.*]

Ha! To roast *Royal* wild geese, eh?

MAMMY SAL

Eb'ry gander-goose what 'noys *you*, Marse George.

[*She bows suddenly on the ground beside him, kissing his foot, then looking up fervently at him, and* MARTHA.]

De Lo'd He bless yo' feet in His paf!
De Lo'd He lead yo' feet up His golden stair!
An' de Lo'd He lead 'em down ag'in sho' to de home back-do' ob yo' Missy Bride!

WASHINGTON

[*Raising her up.*]

The Lord He bless your heart, Mammy!

MAMMY SAL

[*Turning quickly, hurries away.*]

Back home soon, honey belubbed!

[*As* MAMMY SAL *is going to the kitchen, a young Man comes from the house, with a black servant—a young fellow in scarlet-and-white livery carrying a looped bag.*]

THE YOUNG MAN

[*Calling to* MARTHA.]

Mother, here's the saddle-bags.

[*To* WASHINGTON.]

Shall Billy take 'em to the barn, Sir?

WASHINGTON

Yes: on my new mare—Billy.

BILLY THE SERVANT

Yas'r: de ches'nut mare.

WASHINGTON

And wait, Jack; give me that memorandum.

[*He takes out a small pocket book.*]

JACK CUSTIS

Which, Sir?

WASHINGTON

About that young college mate of yours at King's who defended your Tory president from the mob.

JACK

Yes, Sir. He saved the old fellow, too, while they listened. A rousing speech, Sir. You'd have liked it.

WASHINGTON

His name, you said—what was it?

JACK

Alexander Hamilton.

WASHINGTON

[*Writing in the book.*]

And his address in New York?

JACK

In Maiden Lane, I think, Sir,—not far from Trin-

ity Church. He lives with a tailor, named Hercules Mulligan.

WASHINGTON

Good.

[*Putting away the pocket book, he lays his hand on young* CUSTIS' *shoulder.*]

Jack, have in mind your mother; keep exact account of your expenditures, and curb your gaming propensities.

JACK

Yes, Sir.

MARTHA

Don't worry, George.

[*To* JACK.]

Son, fetch me those saddle bags. The boxes will go on the coach, Billy.

[*She moves, with* JACK, *toward the background, where she directs* BILLY *concerning the travelling things.*]

A VOICE OUTSIDE

[*Deep-toned and vibrant.*]

The Lord of Hosts—the Lord of Hosts, Sir, must decide the issue. Give me liberty, or give me death: that's what I told 'em.

[*On the path, left, the one who is speaking enters—a Man of youthful middle-age, magnetic*

in look and gesture—clad for riding. He is accompanied by Lord Fairfax, *now white-haired and leaning heavily on his cane—clad for walking.*

As they come, the sound of distant fifes and drums is borne with them, and grows louder at intervals during the remainder of the scene.]

FAIRFAX

But, good God, Master Henry, give us time! The Constitution must be readjusted to the growing colonies. America has British spokesmen in parliament. Give 'em time for the needed reforms.

PATRICK HENRY

Time, Sir, for a nation's soul to putrefy? Reforms that rot are compost for revolution. Burke and Pitt speak for us nobly, but America must have *American* spokesmen in parliament—or a parliament of her own.

FAIRFAX

Ah, there's George! There's George, bless him: *he*'ll have common sense.

PATRICK HENRY

Aye, Sir: I'll wager he will.—Mornin' Colonel!
[*Bowing.*]
Your servant, Mistress!

MARTHA

Yours, Sir; and yours, my lord Fairfax.

WASHINGTON

Ah, Patrick, you're riding with me? Splendid!—Your lordship, welcome, Sir! But I'm sorry you catch me on the go.

FAIRFAX

[*Consternated.*]

George—no! No! You're not going.

WASHINGTON

I stop at Alexandria—on my road north.

FAIRFAX

Lad—laddie!—for you're still just my laddie, George.—Look round you! Look yonder—the woods and the river: our old hunting trails. There's Martha: here's me, George: there's Jack.—Wife, neighbours, family, home: do these mean nothing any more?

WASHINGTON

[*Staring.*]

Nothing, Sir? *Nothing?*

FAIRFAX

Then why do you root 'em up—to burn in a mad rabble's bon-fire?

WASHINGTON

Me!—Root 'em up? A man's vine and fig-tree, my lord, aren't pot-plants to put in his saddle-bags.

FAIRFAX

Then where are you riding? What are you dreaming of? Why do you fight for disruption of your home and country?

WASHINGTON

I am not dreaming of disruption: I am dreaming of justice—and will fight for it, if need be.

PATRICK HENRY

Aye—and your neighbours with you! You should have heard him, Martha, speaking on that text in the House of Burgesses. I never heard him in such fettle. As for licking the King, he was for having it out alone with his namesake—in a wrastling match—George versus George.

MARTHA

[*Laughing, with* Jack.]

I would like to drop the kerchief for that match. I'd stake *my* George against *three* of England—cubits for crowns.

PATRICK HENRY

[*Laughing with Jack.*]

Bravo! The game-cock will crow, even with the lady-pheasant's voice.

JACK

[*With a mischievous glance toward* WASHINGTON.]

And Mother's son is told to curb his *gaming* propensities!

FAIRFAX

[*Gravely, looking from* MARTHA *to* GEORGE.]

Are *these* my old neighbours?

WASHINGTON

[*Reddening with annoyance.*]

Fighting-blood makes fool speeches, my lord: but it makes—fighters.

MARTHA

Even in petticoats, your lordship.

FAIRFAX

[*With growing heat.*]

And does not that fighting-blood of your ancestors curdle with shame in your veins, to turn against your own race and country?

WASHINGTON

No, Sir; it boils, for shame of my country! The tides of English race do not rise and fall only on Dover Cliff. When England defends a tyrant, I am an Anglo-Saxon who stands, with Freedom, against England: for there is not one of our race that lives worthy of it, who loves a little island more than liberty.

FAIRFAX

That little island, George, has been the cradle of human rights.

WASHINGTON

True, Sir—*has* been, and surely, I doubt not, shall be again. But the issue is larger than that. I am British to the bone, my lord, and none more proud of it. Aye, Sir, *because* of it I say, that human rights are more than English race. And American rights mean human rights—or nothing. We stand on a great threshold: The cause we champion now for America must be fought by all times and peoples—and *won*, till our planet itself is free. Our cause, my lord, is noble: it is the cause of mankind.

FAIRFAX

Indeed!—*I* had fancied our cause was a colonial question, and America a British dependency.

WASHINGTON

No less, Sir—but much more. American soil is for the seed of Adam, and its harvest—for the Creator.

[*The music of fifes and drumming sounds close-by, and in the background Negroes and Whites begin to gather, looking off.*]

JACK CUSTIS

[*Calls from the colonnade.*]

They're coming, Sir—the delegation from Alexandria.

FAIRFAX

[*With a sudden broken look and gesture of pain.*]

Old days—old ways are dying, George: 'tis fitting that old-timers should follow 'em.

[*He turns away.*]

WASHINGTON

[*With quick emotion, going to him.*]

Old friendships are still green, my dear lord!

[*He embraces the old Man.*]

PATRICK HENRY

[*To* JACK, *in the background, vehemently.*]

The Lord of Hosts—the Lord of Hosts, my lad, beat His drums at the tent of David.

MARTHA

[*Quietly, to* WASHINGTON, *who is just turning from* FAIRFAX *with twitching face.*]

George,—there's a flute in the saddle, and a nest in the sycamore.

WASHINGTON

[*Pressing her hand.*]

Patsy!

[*Together, they draw slightly aside, as through the central arch of the colonnade—between the*

piled travelling boxes—appears a band of fifers, playing the tune of 'Bands and Rebels,' led by a Fifer *and two Children,—a* Boy *with a drum and a* Girl *with a fiddle. The* Fifer, *clad like the Children in ragged regimentals, glances from under his cocked hat the wrinkly smile of* Quilloquon.

Passing through the gathered groups of darkies and citizens who cheer them in the background, they march drumming and fifing—straight down the centre of the grassy foreground. There—after passing Washington *and* Martha *on their left—the* Fifer *and Children are shut off from the scene by the closing blue curtains of the theatre, in front of which they continue for a moment, standing, to fife, fiddle and drum their tune.*]

(Sixth Transition)

At the close of the tune, Quilloquon *stops fifing; takes off his hat; bows right and left to the Children; takes from the* Boy *his drum, inverts it and—sitting on it—hands his hat to the little* Girl *to hold.*

With the flute, he blows a note to get his pitch, then begins to sing. Squatted by his knees, on either

side of him, the Children listen, clapping their hands at the end.

QUILLOQUON

There were some boys on Bunker's hill;
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!
There were some boys on Bunker's hill;
The King marched up, but they stood still.
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!

The King marched up to drive 'em down;
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!
The King marched up to drive 'em down;
He stubbed his toe and bumped his crown.
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!

He bumped his crown and made his will,
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!
He bumped his crown and made his will—
And left those boys old Bunker's hill.
Déllum-down, dellúm-down!

[*Rising quickly with a chuckle,* QUILLOQUON *hands his flute to* the LITTLE GIRL, *puts on his hat, lifts the drum, slips it on the* BOY, *and takes from the* GIRL *the fiddle and bow.*

Then, raising his bow for a director's signal, he begins to play Yankee Doodle, *to which he marches as leader, off left, followed by the* GIRL *and* BOY *fifing and drumming the tune.*

The tune does not cease with their exit, but continues with a Chorus of Voices from behind the curtains.]

EIGHTH ACTION

The curtains draw back, discovering an open space between two dull-red brick buildings, with small-paned windows. On the left—beyond an old-time mounted cannon—is a plain, rustic table with benches.

In the open space, young Soldier Fellows and Girls are dancing a country round-dance, cadenced to the clapping of hands and singing of the on-lookers—a miscellaneous crowd of Soldiers, Students and Civilians, some of whom sit astride and stand on the cannon.

In the background, a wide constructed arch of evergreen boughs gives vista of an elm-shaded churchyard and a square-spired church beyond.

From the top of the arch, draped at the centre about a crudely painted portrait-head of WASHINGTON, *extends a weather-stained streamer with the inscription:*

HAIL TO OUR COMMANDER IN CHIEF!

The Dancers themselves join at times in the chorus and the clapping of the on-looking Singers.

THE SINGERS

'Fath'r and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Good'in,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

(Chorus)

'Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy!
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

'And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slappin' stallion,
Agivin' orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

'And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.'

[*Suddenly a hubbub in the background parts the groups of Dancers, and under the archway, down the centre—comes dancing a white Hobby-Horse, capering upon the two legs of* Quilloquon, *who is clad in blue with a blue jockey-cap, from which flames a brilliant red feather.*

Behind him, on either side, come galloping a Hobby-Lion and a Hobby-Unicorn, prancing re-

spectively on the legs of a BOY, *who wears a red military jacket and gold crown, and of a* GIRL *with a diadem circling her golden hair. The* BOY *bears a shield and* THE LITTLE GIRL *carries a sceptre.*

*Singing as he comes, and dashing into the middle of the shouting Dancers—who draw back in a wide circle—*QUILLOQUON *reins up his hobby-horse, cracking loudly a riding-whip in his hand.*

To the flickings of this, the Lion and the Unicorn caper round and round him—sceptre thwacking shield, and roar answering whinny in their dance—while QUILLOQUON, *dancing with them, sings lustily:*]

QUILLOQUON

'Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a spankin' pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it *macaroni.*

'Yankee Doodle—ha! ha! ha!
Cakes and sugar candy!
Come listen to my story now
Of Yankee Doodle dandy!'

He went a huntin' by the bay
Where Yankee he was born, Sir:

He trapped a roarin' lion there
And catched a unicorn, Sir.

(*Chorus, with the On-lookers*)

'Yankee Doodle—ha! ha! ha!
Cakes and sugar candy!
Come listen to my story now
Of Yankee Doodle dandy!'

The lion roared so pesky loud
It almost deefened Doodle,
Till he took out his muzzle-gun
And tamed him like a poodle.

The unicorn she didn't care
To catch the lion's hidin',
And so they made a dandy team
For Doodle's hobby-ridin'.

(*Chorus, of All*)

'Yankee Doodle—ha! ha! ha!
Cakes and sugar candy!
So here you've heard the story now
Of Yankee Doodle dandy!'

[*Grinning at the On-lookers, with a low bow of his pony head, which raises his tail and haunches high in the air,* Quilloquon *cracks his whip again to the Lion and Unicorn and—driving them before him—gallops off the scene,*

through the archway. During this he is greeted and followed by shouts from the gathering.]

SHOUTS

Heigh, Doodle, how much for your live-stock? Auction 'em over to Boston town house. General Gage he'd bid guineas for 'em.

Yoke 'em up for Israel Put: he left his plough-team down to Greenwich.

Hush up, fellers! Here comes the army chaplain.

[*From the door of the building on the right has come a* MAN *of quiet presence, clad severely in black. He speaks with a strong, gentle voice and friendly smile.*]

THE MAN

Friends, less hubbub, please! His Excellency, General Washington, is busily engaged there in Massachusetts Hall. He bids me remind you it is now some weeks since he took command of the army by the elm over yonder, so there is no further occasion for celebrations here in his honour. Work is our present duty: the siege of Boston and victory for our cause!

A VOICE

Well sarmoned, Minister Emerson! We're all with ye.

EMERSON

[*Smiling.*]

Thank you, friend, but you mustn't be with me. You must all go your ways. The young gentlemen of Harvard College among you will kindly disperse in good order.

VOICES

[*Of the Gatherers, as they disperse and go out.*]

I. Come along to the common, boys!

II. Let's take a look at the trenchments.

III. Goin' back to camp?

IV. No s'ree! I'm dog-tired o' this drillin'. I'm goin' ter hook it off home for a rest-up. I didn't volunteer till Kingdom-come.

III. Me, nuther! I didn't cal'late on this racket lastin' all summer. My corn needs hoein' to home.

EMERSON

[*To a young Man in uniform, who has come out of Massachusetts Hall.*]

You hear, Mr. Knox?—I beg pardon, *Colonel!* I still think of you as plain Henry Knox, selling books in Cornhill.

KNOX

That's natural, Sir; we are all pretty new to this fighting business—except General Washington. It provides him harder tasks than Hercules, to break us in.

EMERSON

Yes, I'm afraid there be Augean stables to clean—even in Cambridge. But the Lord hath sent us a Christian demi-god more resourceful than the pagan.

KNOX

A Conformist Christian, Sir: how do our Yankee dissenters take to that?

EMERSON

Why, Colonel, we never think of it, for his modesty never obtrudes his own sentiments. Unity appears his single aim—unity for America. 'Tis really surprising how this Southern aristocrat hath invaded our Puritan commonwealth and captured all our hearts.

KNOX

All our *hearts*—I believe you: but not all our cantankerous *egos*. I've just left him in there—swarmed round by our buzzing committees. My word, Sir! I could only think on some high-mettled stallion, tethered in a pound, infested with cattle-flies!

EMERSON

[*Smiling.*]

'And as oft as the trumpet soundeth, he saith *Aha!*' Yet in harness he keeps surprisingly cool. I have even heard him called icy and aloof.

KNOX

His coolness is his patience, Sir: he's too masterful

to squirm at an itch. And as for that reputed ice of his, I fancy 'tis like our Charles river in April—when it thaws, there may be *boomings,* and large chunks heaved up on the banks!

[*He laughs low, and they pass together into Harvard Hall on the left.*

Meantime, a Group of sea-tanned fellows in fisherman's garb, who have failed to disperse and are flirting with some girls, begin to point and jeer at a Group of raw-boned men in Indian leather shirts, their long hair untied.

This SECOND GROUP *enter on the march. They carry a flag designed with the emblem of a snake, cut apart in several pieces, inscribed beneath with the words "Unite or Die." They are droning a song in chorus.*]

THE SECOND GROUP

[*Singing.*]
Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Eden home is far away:
Oh, never mind!
I'll lay my heart down,
Down in the lap of old Virgin-ee-ay!

THE FIRST GROUP

[*Speaking, severally, while* THE SECOND GROUP *is still singing.*]

I. See, gals, here come the Jinnies!

II. Jinnies?—where do they hail from?

I. Jest weaned from Virginia's yams—homesick for their Mammy.

III. They've come to save their country—singin' lullabies.

IV. Heigh, Injun Jinny!—Lay your heart down in *my* lap, will ye?

[The Second Group *pause, glowering—and cease their song.*]

THE SECOND GROUP LEADER

Who do you-all 'low you's addressin'?

THE FIRST GROUP LEADER

[*Mocking the other's drawl and speech.*]

We-all 'low we's addressin' the renowned tribe o' Pocahontas, known as "Jinny" for short.

[The First Group *roar with laughter, at which* The Second Group *begin fiercely to unsling their guns.*]

ONE OF THE SECOND GROUP

Them stinkers is Johnnies from Marblehead. I know 'em.

ANOTHER

Baste 'em, boys!

[*Some of the Girls scream, and draw back.*]

THE SECOND GROUP LEADER

Slow, thar! No gunnin'! This-yere ain't fire-arms, it's forearms!

[*Stepping into the centre and rolling his sleeves.*]

Which one o' you cod-fish wants saltin' down for the lot?

THE FIRST

[*Doing likewise.*]

Which one o' you redskins wants your leather tanned?

THE TWO GROUPS

[*Surrounding the two and flinging taunts at each other.*]

I. Jinny! Jinny! Jinny, come kiss me!—Kin I pick ye, mountain-daisy?

II. Cod-livers! Stink-oils! Pickle-herrin's!

THE SECOND GROUP LEADER

[*Squaring off, with bared arms.*]

You fer me, Jack!

THE FIRST

[*Doing the same.*]

Me fer you, Jinny!

[*The two draw back, then strike out fiercely at each other in a fisting match, which rapidly*

becomes a rough-and-tumble wrestling fight, egged on wildly by the jeering shouts "Tar him, Johnny!" "Pickle him, Jinny!" etc., yelled by the Marble-headers and Virginians.

At the height of this tumult, the towering figure of Washington, *in General's uniform, appears, bareheaded, in the doorway of Massachusetts Hall, lunges with huge strides through the group, flinging men headlong in his wake, seizes the two Combatants sprawling on the ground, drags them to their feet by their shirt-napes, shakes them fiercely, and knocks their heads together.*

So, holding the two at arm's length, he stands glaring at them.

The uproar is stilled to a scene of dumb stupefaction, through which the low voice of Knox, *—who has appeared with* Emerson *at the door of Harvard Hall—is heard speaking to the Minister, as he nudges his arm and points.*]

KNOX

The ice has thawed, Mr. Emerson.

WASHINGTON

[*Exploding.*]

By the great horn spoon of Jehosaphat!—What's this mean?

[*The two Combatants gape, staring.*]

What's in your tarnal skulls—ha?—mule-bran, or brains?

[*The Men salute him dumbly.*]

Are you soldiers—or squabbling nincumpoops?

[*The Men laugh nervously.* Washington *loosens his grip, flinging them off.*]

Sniggering?—What's to snigger for? No tongues! Must I slit 'em for ye? Speak out—Where are you from?

THE FIRST LEADER

Marblehead. I fish thar. I'm a Massachusettser.

WASHINGTON

[*To the Other.*]

And you?

THE SECOND

Me, General?—Reckon I's Virginian—like yerself, Sir.

WASHINGTON

You reckon wrong, then. In this army, there's no Virginians nor Massachusettsers; there's only Americans. You understand? You and him and me—we are all just *Americans:* nothing else, my men, and nothing better.

[*To one of* The Second Group, *who holds the flag with the snake device.*]

Give me that flag!

[*Points to the snake.*]

What's this?

THE SECOND LEADER

'Pears like a rattler—what needs splicin'.

WASHINGTON

Just so: the pieces have got to be spliced, or he's a goner. Ever see a cut-up rattler that could fight?

THE SECOND

Not yit, sir.

WASHINGTON

[*To the other Man.*]
You,—can you read?

THE FIRST LEADER

I kerry "Poor Richard's Almanack" in my kit.

WASHINGTON

Read this, then: Poor Richard wrote it.

THE FIRST

[*Reading from the flag.*]
"Unite or die."

WASHINGTON

And what's that mean?

THE FIRST

I guess that'll mean—stick together, or git stept on.

WASHINGTON

Aye, my lads: stand up, *together!* That's what

we've all got to do in America—from now on. I reckon that's enough for preachment. Bumped heads are better than book-larnin'—to start with; the rest is brains and gumption. So give me your hands, here! Stand together, North and South, and splice up!

[*Taking each by the hand, he brings the two Leaders together.*

Grinning sheepishly, they extend their right hands to each other and grip.

As they do so, WASHINGTON, *relaxing to a faint smile, lays his own hand on theirs conjoined, and says with a grim solemnity:*]

For better, or for worse!

[*Approaching with* KNOX, EMERSON *adds immediately—with a twinkling look and a ministerial gesture:*]

EMERSON

I, Jonathan, take thee, Virginia!—Amen, boys?

THE LEADERS

[*Together, with a laugh.*]

Amen, Sir!

WASHINGTON

Now pack off, and keep camp orderly!

THE LEADERS

Aye, General.

EMERSON

[*Smiling, calls after them.*]

And remember, young folks—for better or for worse.

WASHINGTON

Especially—worse!

[*With shamefaced grins,* THE LEADERS *hasten off, surrounded and followed by* THE TWO GROUPS, *tittering and whispering together. The murmur of their talk grows louder as they pass outside.*]

EMERSON

Pardon my interpolation, your Excellency, but you seemed to have need of the chaplain.

WASHINGTON

Ah, Sir, I can deliver the trouncin's, but I wish you could relieve me of the sarmons. I'm a sorry hand at 'em.

[*Outside, a man's voice shouts, loudly, followed by a momentary hubbub.*]

THE VOICE

Hurray for George Washington of Virginia!

WASHINGTON

Virginia! Hear 'em? That's how long they remember *my* preachments!

KNOX

Can we confer here a moment, General, or have you not finished with the committees?

WASHINGTON

Finished—with committees?

[*He makes a forlorn gesture of resignation.*]

Sir, I have lately composed my epitaph:—"Here lies a commander-in-chief, called to his account by committees."

[*With a sudden look at the door of Massachusetts Hall, he pauses quickly, takes from his pocket a little box, turns to the Chaplain, and speaks in confidential tone.*]

Mr. Emerson—would you do me a favour?

EMERSON

You would favour me by asking it, Sir.

WASHINGTON

'Tis cool here in the shade; I require some conference with Colonel Knox.—My man Billy is on duty indoors there, as beagle to the committees.

[*Handing him the little box.*]

Will you take him this snuff-box, and tell him to trail the pack to my office in Wadsworth house.

EMERSON

[*Mystified.*]

Trail the pack, Sir?

WASHINGTON

With the fox's brush. He's an old huntsman at Mt. Vernon.

EMERSON

[*Blankly.*]

But this snuff-box?

WASHINGTON

'Tis a signal, Sir. Billy understands the code. It means—sidetrack the quarry.

EMERSON

[*More blankly.*]

Of course, your Excellency.

[Emerson *goes into the hall, right.*

Washington *turns toward the mounted cannon and table, left.*]

WASHINGTON

Meanwhile, Colonel, the quarry will take lair behind this field-piece.

[*The smile passes from his face, and he sits on a bench, drawing a deep breath, wearily.*]

KNOX

[*Sitting on another bench.*]

Well, Sir, twelve thousand redcoats in Boston—equipped and disciplined: General Gage has 'em perfectly supplied. Howe's fleet commands the waters. You have a huge task, General.

WASHINGTON

[*Murmurs low.*]

Ha!

KNOX

Our own men of New England—

WASHINGTON

[*Looking up quickly.*]

How many took to the tall timber yesterday?

KNOX

I regret to say—more than two hundred. That makes—the last fortnight—over a thousand, have returned to their farms. If only Congress would authorize longer enlistments—

WASHINGTON

Ha!—Congress!

KNOX

Or if we had ships—

WASHINGTON

Ships!—Congress, Sir, complains we haven't captured the harbour without 'em.

KNOX

Truly! Well, at least, on land we've shown some of our native mettle on Bunker's hill.

[Washington *rises slowly and bows.*]

WASHINGTON

Colonel Knox! to the real patriots of Bunker hill,—like yourself, Sir,—I make my bow, from my heart. But as for the dirty rascals that keep trading their Bunker patriotism for their own local profits—well, Sir, I do *not* make my bow to 'em: I take my seat—and I wish they occupied this bench.

[*He sits down with vigour.*]

KNOX

The present situation *is* scandalous, Sir. I am sorry the militia officers do so little to improve it.

WASHINGTON

Naturally: they are too rotten with politics. Being elected by their raw militia, they are more attentive to the smiles of their men than the frowns of their commander-in-chief. There's no getting such officers to execute orders. All the same, I have made a pretty good slam amongst 'em.

KNOX

How's that, General?

WASHINGTON

Well, Sir, since I came into this camp, I have broke one colonel and two captains for cowardly behaviour in the action on Bunker Hill, two captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their company, and one for being absent from his post

when the enemy appeared there. Besides these, I have one colonel, one major, one captain and two subalterns under arrest for trial. Yet I fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests.

KNOX

[*Gloomily.*]

'Tis pity indeed the good name of New England is involved. 'Tis very dear to many of us, who would gladly die for it. I am very dejected, General.

WASHINGTON

Nay, Sir, don't be! The grain will grow, the chaff blow away. If we succeed in this business—as by God's will we shall—never worry: there'll be nothing left but heroes for posterity.

[From the hall, right, Billy the Negro comes *rushing toward them—his black face twitching excitedly above his scarlet-and-white livery. In one hand he waves* Washington's *snuff-box.*]

BILLY

Marse Ex'lency, dey's on yo' trail: watch out!

WASHINGTON

[*Rising, with* Knox.]

Who's on my trail, Billy—posterity?

BILLY

Yas'r, gospel verity an' troof! Dey's too sharp-in-

de-nose fo' you ter 'scape 'em, I'se awarn you! Dey is nebber gwine gib you no hole in de groun', fo' ter lay down an' stretch yo'self cumptible; no, s'r.

WASHINGTON

[*With a smiling glance at* Knox.]

You see my doom, Colonel!

BILLY

No, s'r: I 'pol'gizes.

[*Showing the snuff-box.*]

I done got yo' signal, but dey's too smart fo' mah 'umble 'tainments in de side-trackin' line. De ge'men down home Virginny dey's receib a p'lite fibbin' like ge'men and dey's return de compl'ment. When I tells 'em you's in de barn, dey ain't gwine ter peek fer you in de drawin'-room. Dey's 'low dey got a prev'ous 'gagement an' go 'long home. But dese yere Cambridge ge'men—'clare ter hebben, s'r!—dey ain't got no 'stinctive feelin's fo' high-bo'n fibbin', what leabs out de low-down fax; no, s'r!

WASHINGTON

Cut it short, Billy: what are the facts?

BILLY

De low-down fax is, Marse Ex'lency—

[*As he hesitates, three Civilians, clad in grey, come out of Massachusetts Hall and approach. Catching sight of them,* Billy *draws*

himself up, with official pomp, and speaks with easy indifference:]

Here dey comes, s'r: dey speaks fo' deirselfs.

THE FIRST CIVILIAN

[*To the other two, pointing at* WASHINGTON.]

There he is: I told you so.

[*Drawing near.*]

We've been waitin', Mr. Washington—

WASHINGTON

[*Quickly.*]

Your pardon, Sir? To whom are you referring?

THE CIVILIAN

Why, to *you!* Ain't you the General here?

WASHINGTON

Quite right, Sir; I am the *General.*

THE CIVILIAN

Wall, General Washington, we've been waitin' for you half an hour.

WASHINGTON

[*Bowing slightly.*]

The pleasure is mutual, Sir.

THE CIVILIAN

We have the honour to be the selectmen of this town.

WASHINGTON

The honour, Sir, seems to be appreciated.

THE SELECTMAN

Thought may be you wasn't informed—considerin' that half hour wait.

WASHINGTON

Half an hour can be very informing—or otherwise.

THE SELECTMAN

[*Fastening his eyes on* BILLY.]

Considerin' also we ain't accustomed in this locality to crossin' our crows with scarlet tanagers.

WASHINGTON

The locality is a bit drab, Sir.

THE SELECTMAN

[*Sitting on one of the benches—his companions on the other.*]

But comin' straight to business, General Washington: we as selectmen have received great numbers o' complaints from our townfolks about your diggin's and doin's: your trenchments and your intrudin' soldier-camps. All o' which causes wrack and ruin to private property. It conflicts with personal rights, Sir! When is it goin' to end?

WASHINGTON

With the attainment of our object—liberty.

THE SELECTMAN

Liberty and welcome! But where is it? This here is individual slavery.

WASHINGTON

A great evil, Sir, which each of us today must suffer in part, for the general good of tomorrow.

THE SELECTMAN

Tomorrow!—These here testimonies ain't dated tomorrow, I'm tellin' ye, but *now!*

WASHINGTON

Testimonies?

THE SELECTMAN

[*Taking out papers.*]

These documents set forth the lawful grievances of the complainants *in re* flagrant offences committed under your orders, Sir. Here's private lawns dug up with trenchments, owners' residences confiscated for forts, fields and orchards laid common, houses and cattle turned in the mowin', corn crops eat to the ground, and the best citizens' shade trees cut down for firewood and public buildin's.—What, I ask, Sir, what have you to say to these things?

WASHINGTON

A sad devastation: 'Tis a great pity.

THE SELECTMAN

[*With a keen look, rising.*]
Wall, General, what's the price?

WASHINGTON

Price, Sir?

THE SELECTMAN

That's the question. I calc'late a great pity don't call for a small payment.

WASHINGTON

No, Sir: a large payment.

THE SELECTMAN

Very good. In cases of confiscation, the law of escheat provides for appropriate damages. So I trust, General, you've ben thinkin' over the proper basis of valuation for all this destruction.

WASHINGTON

I have, Sir; I trust you have also.

THE SELECTMAN

Ye-es; I'm pretty well primed on real estate. But supposin' you speak first. What's your rate of estimate—rock-bottom?

WASHINGTON

My estimate is an alternative.

THE SELECTMAN

Alternative?—between which?

WASHINGTON

Licking or Liberty: there's no other rock-bottom for American real estate.

[The Selectman *stares.*

Knox, *who has received and read a document, delivered by an Orderly, hands it gravely to* Washington.]

KNOX

Report, your Excellency, on our present supply of powder.

WASHINGTON

What *is* our supply?

KNOX

[*Lowering his voice.*]

None, Sir.

[*Under the archway, a* Grindstone Man, *pushing his wheel, has entered, attended by two Children, carrying in their arms enormous axes.*

The Selectman, *who has muttered some hasty words to his two companions, now turns again to* Washington *and speaks in a tone of defiant sarcasm.*]

THE SELECTMAN

General Washington! If you think, Sir, that men of real business in this section—

THE GRINDSTONE MAN

[*Ringing his hand-bell.*]

Axes to grind! Axes to grind!

THE SELECTMAN

[*Raising his voice.*]

If you think that the lawful owners of private property are going to stand for such public confiscation, without equivalent in cash or bonds—

THE GRINDSTONE MAN

[*Trundling his wheel between* The Selectman *and* Washington, *and clangorously ringing his bell, bawls louder:*]

Axes to grind! Axes to grind!

(Seventh Transition)

(Part 1)

So, escorted by the Children as ax-bearers, The Grindstone Man *crosses diagonally down centre, and begins singing—to an old ballad tune—in the voice of* Quilloquon:

QUILLOQUON

Jack went amarching
With trouble on his mind,

To serve his native country
When axes were to grind.
Sing ree and sing low,
So fare you well, my dear!

[*Through the closing blue curtains at the centre,* Quilloquon *slips out in front of them with the Children. There—stopping his trundle—he begins to push the wheel-treadle with his foot, taking, examining and rejecting various axes handed to him by the Children, while he continues to sing to the revolving motion of the grindstone wheels:*]

Night-time and noon-time
With trouble on your mind,
'Tis how to serve your country
With axes for to grind.
Sing ree and sing low, etc.

Great folks and small folks
With nothing on their mind
But how to make the wheels turn
Their axes for to grind.
Sing ree and sing low, etc.

Dull blades and broke blades
And any other kind,
'Tis all to get poor Work-Jack
Their axes for to grind.
Sing ree and sing low, etc.

[*Waving off the Children with their axes, he takes—from within his trundle—a small hatchet, and begins to sharpen it, with a laugh.*]

Nay, leave Jack his hatchet:
'Tis that alone he'll grind—
And leave to them their axes
And the trouble on his mind!

[*Pausing, he rings his bell and—dismissing the Children right and left along the front of the curtains—he backs his trundle through the centre folds, and blowing a kiss, sings there the parting refrain:*

Sing ree and sing low,
So fare you well, my dear!

With a final shake of his bell, he disappears.

(Part 2)

The bell continues to ring behind the curtains, but grows more faint; till now its tone changes to a deep, mellow pealing; and now its rhythmic cadence is mingled with far-sounding chimes, through which low murmurous Voices *of many people rise, fall and rise again more loud—like a great wind, heard distantly, over forest trees. At first hardly audible, the deep Murmur grows gradually more articulate, till—between the pulsing*

chimes—occasional words and phrases emerge distinguishable, above this flowing utterance of the chanting Voices:

THE VOICES

'When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another,—

'And to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,—

'A decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.'

[*As the murmurous Chant lessens to a lull, there is heard a single Voice intoning "Oyez!" and the blue curtains are seen to have parted slightly at the centre, discovering—against a background of dark—the Figure of a Town Crier, holding in his left hand a staff to which is attached a lantern, and of which the heraldic top is a hatchet-blade.*

The Crier *holds near the lantern in his right hand a paper broadside, from which—after calling his Preamble—he reads aloud, intoning with the voice of* Quilloquon:]

THE CRIER

[Quilloquon]

Oyez! Oyez! People of America, hear ye!

This day, in the town hall of Philadelphia, duly convened,—this day in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-Six,—being the Fourth day of July—forevermore, unto all peoples, declareth the Assembly of our people:

'We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal,—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights,—that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness,—that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

'That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it.

'And when a long train of abuses evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism,—it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such Government,—and to provide new Guards for their future security.

'Such has been the patient suffrance of these Colonies.

'Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.—A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.—

'*We, therefore,* The Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled,

—appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions,—do, in the Name, and by the authority of the good People of these Colonies,—solemnly Publish and Declare,

'That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be,—Free and Independent States!

'And for the support of this Declaration, we mutually pledge to each other—our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honour.'

[*As the* TOWN CRIER *concludes, a* BOY *and a* GIRL *run in from either side, raising their hands toward the paper broadsides, from one of several copies of which he has been reading.*

Handing to each a copy, he raises his lantern-staff, and as they run off, right, he follows, calling aloud:]

Oyez! Oyez! People of the Ages,—hear ye!

(Part 3)

In the distance, THE CRIER'S *repeated call of "Oyez!" is dying away on the right, when on the left a fiddle begins to play the melody of a ballad-tune,*[1] *during which the visible dim space becomes palely luminous with a swirling greyness, as of snowflakes beginning to fall.*

[1] The melody of 'Raggle-Taggle Gypsies.'

And now—the fiddle having ceased—to a thrumming of the same tune upon strings, three tattered greyish forms enter from the left: the two Children and a Man, who is playing a dulcimer. All three—recognizable once more as The Boy, The Girl *and* Quilloquon—*come singing the ballad-tune words, which they act out in their pantomime, severally assuming the parts, in simple ballad fashion, of the characters their song refers to—Lord, Lady, Servants and Gypsies.*

THE THREE FIGURES

[Quilloquon and the Children]

'There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And down-stairs ran this a-lady, O!
One sang high and the other sang low,
And the other sang *Bonny, bonny Biscay, O!*

[The Girl]

'Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!

[The Boy and Quilloquon]

'The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!
[The Little Girl *runs off right.*]

[The Boy]

' 'Twas late last night when my lord came home,
Inquiring for his a-lady, O.

The servants said on every hand:
She's gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[Quilloquon *turns and addresses* The Boy.]

[Quilloquon]

'Come, saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*The two run off, right.*

The Little Girl *alone enters immediately, left, followed—to the thrumming of the dulcimer—by* The Boy, *who remains near his place of entrance and sings.*

While he does so, Quilloquon *enters, passes him, and advances toward* The Girl, *looking about, seeming at first not to see her.*]

[The Boy]

'Then he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses, too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

[Quilloquon, *approaching the* Girl, *with aspect of lordly severity.*]

'What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O!

What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To go with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[The Girl]

'O, what care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*The falling snowflakes grow thicker and the scene more dim.*]

[Quilloquon]

'Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
But to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[The Girl]

'O, what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field—
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!'

[*With a swift, proud gesture of departure, lifting her last song-note to its octave higher, the little* Girl *goes off, right, with steps of gladness, while* Quilloquon—*in crestfallen grandeur—strides off with the* Boy, *left.*

The Girl's *voice, however, has hardly ceased, and* Quilloquon *has not yet disap-*

peared, when a Man's Voice is heard singing through the dim whirling snowfall:]

THE MAN'S VOICE

[*Sings huskily.*]

'O, what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For tonight—I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!'

[*Then suddenly the* Voice *speaks, with sharp staccato.*]

Who goes there?

NINTH ACTION

The Man's Voice breaks in a raspy fit of coughing.

While he has sung, the blue curtains have drawn back to the width of the full stage-aperture, revealing the Singer himself—a Sentinel, in ragged American uniform, standing in the night near a low-burning camp-fire (left).

The snow has ceased falling. The fire dimly lights by its gleam a space surrounded by vaguely discerned walls of snow-laden woods, except in the background. There—between boles of trees, rising like columns of grey ice—an arch-like

opening gives glimpses of struggling moonlight and gusty, grey-black darkness, through which a low, muffled thudding and crackling murmur rise occasionally to the ear.

Holding for a moment his musket poised, the Sentinel looks off (left), listening. Then, lowering his gun and turning to the fire, he crouches by it, blows his fingers, takes from within his tattered coat a little book, holds it open near the firelight and begins writing in it.

While he does so, through the glooming aperture in the background, the tall, silhouetted form of Washington, *in long military cloak, his hands gripped behind him, is seen to pace slowly past and disappear (right).*

The Sentinel *stops writing, gesticulates to himself, muttering; then reads aloud from his book.*

THE SENTINEL

'O ye, that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. O, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind!'

[*Coughing slightly, he stares a moment in the fire: then writes again.*

In the background, the dim form of Wash-

INGTON, *returning, paces past and disappears, left.*

Half rising now from his crouched posture, the SENTINEL *reads again from his book in the firelight, with gesture as of ardent conversation with another.*]

'To see it in our power to make a world happy, to teach mankind the art of being so, to exhibit on the theatre of the universe a character hitherto unknown, and to have, as it were, a new creation entrusted to our hands,—are honours that command reflection.'

[*Closing his book, he looks intently in the night. Then suddenly, dropping the book, he seizes up his gun, leaps to his feet and calls out:*]

Who goes there?

THE MAN'S VOICE

[*Answers from outside, left.*]

Merry Christmas!

THE SENTINEL

Merry Christmas, yourself!

[*A* MAN *limps wearily in, through a gap in the snow-covered evergreens. The firelight reveals him also forlornly clad in ragged regimentals. The* SENTINEL *half lowers his gun.*]

What's your name, and allegiance?

THE DELAWARE

THE MAN

Lieutenant James Monroe, of the United States.

THE SENTINEL

[*Saluting—a bit slouchily, like a civilian.*]

'Which are, and of right ought to be, free and independent!' Pass, Lieutenant Monroe, in the name of our immortal Declaration.

MONROE

Immortal, Sir, let us hope, but *ought* to be isn't *are* by a long shot—whatever Mr. Jefferson hath immortally declared for us.

[*Sitting on a rock by the fire, he examines his foot.*]

THE SENTINEL

[*Bending over him.*]

Lord, lieutenant, your foot's bloody—bleeding bad! Here, wait a minute.

[*Tearing a strip from his own regimentals, he kneels down beside* MONROE.]

You need bandaging.

MONROE

Thanks, friend. We all do—in this uniform.

[*Behind them the shadowy form of* WASHINGTON *paces past again, and noiselessly disappears. While the* SENTINEL *is stooping over, wrapping his companion's foot in bandages,* MON-

ROE'S *hand—resting on the book—raises it. Glancing curiously at the open page, he mutters:*]

Hello, what's here?

[*The* SENTINEL *looks up an instant, but goes on immediately with his occupation.* MONROE *reads aloud:*]

'These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered.'

[*Turning to the front of the book, he looks closely and reads:*]

"Tom Paine: His Note Book."—Great Cæsar! Where did this come from?

THE SENTINEL

From a hater of Cæsar—out of my breast pocket, Sir.

MONROE

Yours! *You*—Thomas Paine, the author of "Commonsense"?

PAINE

Unauthorized by His Majesty: that's me.

MONROE

[*Rising and saluting.*]

Why, Sir, permit me to salute—the Revolution! 'Tis a privilege to meet Public Opinion face to face.

PAINE

You meet just a sentinel at his post, Sir. 'Tis a privilege of serving Liberty, to inquire: "Who goes there?"

MONROE

Your inquiry will burn the ears of kings till their doomsday, Mr. Paine. Your challenge rings over the Atlantic. For my part, I should like to see it made the Atlantic doctrine—No passing for Old World tyrants this side of the world!

PAINE

And why not doctrine for t'other side, too, Mr. Monroe?

MONROE

[*Sitting again.*]

Well, Sir,—a touch of modesty. I administer my doctrine by the dose—half a world at a time.

PAINE

Not me, lieutenant. My mother didn't bear me modest, nor twins; so, following her maternal example, I never give birth to a principle by hemispheres.

MONROE

[*Holding one foot and twinging.*]

Well and good, Mr. Paine, but hadn't we better confine our universal dreams to gypsy camps—considering our style of bed tonight?

PAINE

[*Humming the words.*]

'O, what care I for a goose-feather bed
With the sheet turned down—'

[*Breaking off with a short laugh.*]

Ha! "Raggle-taggle": that's the tune of Revolution, Sir.

MONROE

[*Wearily.*]

Oh, I don't know! There's times I almost think we deserve goose-feathers—and tar, too—for such loyalty as ours.

PAINE

[*Sharply.*]

What's that! Is that your ripe judgment of our cause?

MONROE

No, Sir, not ripe—just rotten. I'm dog-tired—tired of failure. The game's up! We know our dreams—but look at the facts.

PAINE

Well—what facts?

MONROE

Listen!

[*He pauses a moment.*]

You hear that sound?

[*They both listen in silence.*
Shadowy in the background, the form of Washington *re-passes and disappears.*]

PAINE

You mean the river there—the ice rattling?

MONROE

Yes: the death-rattle of our rebellion. I mean, that Delaware river can tell our story. That's us—the American army. Last summer, what were we? The warm, quick stream of our country's passion, welling like hot blood, pouring out of the hills—the turbulent current of a continent. And now, in December,—what now, ha? That's us—out there: a death-cold stream, congealing while we move: a current choked up with the ice of its own broken heart—any hour to be buried under, gone, stone-cold as this river bank tonight.

PAINE

[*Humming, as he fondles his musket.*]

'For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field'—

[*Speaking.*]

And those facts, Lieutenant? Skip the metaphors.

MONROE

Facts, Sir? The facts are disaster and retreat. At Brooklyn Heights—failure, retreat; New York—the same; Fort Washington, Fort Lee—lost, both; the Hudson—lost; and here now for months in Jersey—ignominious retreat: deserters, dropping off like rats from a wreck: militia without honour; officers without obedience; a Congress that votes battalions, but no money—and this nearly two years since Bunker Hill! So here, Mr. Paine, this Christmas night, while the German hirelings are rum-drinking over the river there in Trenton—these are the *facts:* To expel from America His Majesty's twenty-five thousand regulars, stuffed with plum pudding—here we are: twenty-four hundred retreating frozen-bellied gypsies!

PAINE

[*Quickly.*]
And one general.

MONROE

[*Rising slowly, speaks with quiet emotion.*]
Aye, Sir—one general. After all, for us, I guess that's the *only* fact. For, if needs be, we'll follow that one the gypsy path to hell.

PAINE

[*With a gesture of silence, points to the background.*]
Shh!

[*Silently, once more, in dim silhouette, the form of* WASHINGTON *paces past and is gone. For a moment, they stand watching, motionless. Then* MONROE *speaks, under his breath.*]

MONROE

Him?—Is this camp-fire his?

PAINE

[*Nodding.*]
I'm his sentinel here.

MONROE

I bear a dispatch to him.

PAINE

Not now: not for half an hour. That's my orders. He's thinking. He thinks—alone.

MONROE

And walks like that?

PAINE

Sometimes. Sometimes he just stands—like a tree—all night.

MONROE

What, and sleeps—standing?

PAINE

Not sleeps, I guess; though often his eyes are

closed. He calls it,—taking his cat-naps. And sometimes he takes 'em walking.

MONROE

Walking!

PAINE

Like we saw—there.

MONROE

[*Taking out a folded paper.*]
But this dispatch, Mr. Paine?

PAINE

Follow me, Sir: I'll take you to Colonel Hamilton. Since the General met him in New York, he's made a son of him.—He's over yonder, with General Knox.

MONROE

[*Taking Paine's hand in the dim light, follows him, limping.*]
Some future Christmas, Mr. Paine, we must resume our fireside conversation on the doctrine of hemispheres.

PAINE

Hemispheres?—No, Sir: give me globes!

[*They disappear in the darkness.*
After a moment—pacing past again in the background—the huge form of WASHINGTON

pauses, comes slowly down half way to the fire and stands there.

In long military cloak, three-cornered hat, and great boots, his hands still clutched behind him—his posture is erect as an Indian.

Around his throat is a piece of woollen cloth.

His eyes are intently fixed, his lips compressed with painful tightness.

He remains perfectly motionless.

Vaguely the sounds of wind and river-ice deepen the silence of their pausings.

Soon, from the right, very quietly, the slight small form of a young Man comes into the gleam of the fire. He is in uniform, shabby but borne with alert distinction. He passes over to the fire and waits there.

As he crosses the gaze of WASHINGTON, *the eyes of the latter follow him and continue to look at him for a moment, before he speaks in a tone hoarse with cold.*]

WASHINGTON

Ah! Hamilton—you?

HAMILTON

Yes, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

Are the boats secured?

HAMILTON

Yes, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

All?

HAMILTON

Yes, Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*Murmurs.*]

Ah!

[*Slowly, he begins to pace again.*
Hamilton *waits, near the fire.*
Soon Washington *speaks again, abrupt.*]

Oh! Alexander!

HAMILTON

What, Sir?

WASHINGTON

You dispatched my letter to Mt. Vernon?

HAMILTON

To Lady Washington: Yes, Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*Murmuring low, as he paces.*]

You're a good boy—you're a good boy—

[*After a moment, pausing again, he speaks with staccato sharpness.*]

Well?—Well? Your report!

HAMILTON

This message, by Lieutenant Monroe, from General Gates at Bristol. Shall I read it, Sir?

WASHINGTON

No: give me the gist.

HAMILTON

General Gates has received your orders. He understands it is your plan to strike the Hessians tonight at Trenton, with five co-operating divisions, commanded severally by yourself, himself, Generals Ewing, Putnam and Griffin. Accordingly, he has dispatched General Cadwalader to the river.

WASHINGTON

Well?

HAMILTON

General Cadwalader has looked at the river.

WASHINGTON

Has he!—Well?

HAMILTON

He considers the floating ice impassable—

WASHINGTON

Considers!—

HAMILTON

The chances desperate, and he is gone back to Bristol.

WASHINGTON

Gone back to *Brimstone*! Let him sit there and broil his rump!—What else?

HAMILTON

Another message from General Gates, by Captain Wilkinson.

WASHINGTON

We are twice favoured.—Well?

HAMILTON

General Gates himself has set out for Philadelphia, to inform Congress—

WASHINGTON

Inform Congress—what of?

HAMILTON

That he disapproves your plan, and cannot co-operate.

WASHINGTON

Ah!

[*After a pause.*]

What further messages?

HAMILTON

From General Putnam, at Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON

[*Quickly.*]

What's Put say?

HAMILTON

He regrets his division cannot march tonight.

WASHINGTON

[*Slowly.*]

Old Put says that.—Well! —Next?

HAMILTON

General Ewing regrets the ice, but will try whatever seems most practical—in the morning.

WASHINGTON

Try! He'd better try lard, and fry in his own fat! That's practical for corn pone—ha!—in the *morning!*

[Washington's *features contract, and he gnaws fiercely the edge of his hand, before speaking again.*]

So: that makes three divisions time-stalled—useless.

[*He glances slowly at* Hamilton.]

And the fourth—?

HAMILTON

General Griffin sends word—

[*He pauses.*]

WASHINGTON

What are *his* regrets?

HAMILTON

He regrets his necessity to abandon New Jersey altogether.

WASHINGTON

[*Lifting off his hat, raises it high aloft.*]

Jehovah, God of chariots! And *this* is the thunder of Thy captains!

[*Dashing his hat to the ground, he grinds his boot upon it.*]

Blithering skulkgudgeons! *These* are my fighting generals!

[*An immense shudder wrenches his body. Controlling a sharp spasm, his face grows marble. Stooping, he takes up the crumpled hat and holds it in silence; then, slowly turning his look from the hat to* HAMILTON'S *face, he speaks with tense quiet.*]

Alexander: not a word of this! You understand?

HAMILTON

Not a word, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

Your report, Sir, is satisfactory. At midnight, our division will cross the Delaware—alone.

HAMILTON

[*With quiet emotion.*]

Nay, Sir: not alone.

WASHINGTON

I said—ours alone. What other forces are left to attend us?

HAMILTON

The Ages, your Excellency: the forces that prevail over river barriers: there, Sir, still flows—the Rubicon.

WASHINGTON

[*Hoarsely.*]

Nay, my boy—not so classic. The Delaware will do, for tonight. 'Tis no Cæsar stands in my boots.

[*With smouldering fire, that dartles, flames and then bursts.*]

But 'tis Cæsar, I reckon, who camps over there with his legions: a Cæsar, hog-latin from Hanover, who would make the Atlantic his channel—who hires his own German breed to help suppress English freedom in both England and America, making his chancellors his apes and his commoners his minions. I'd rather you called me Hannibal-in-a-cocked-hat than such a Hessian Roman!

HAMILTON

I am well corrected, Sir. I cannot gainsay—the cocked hat.

[*With swift ardour, going near to him.*]

But oh, my dear General, I want you only to know my utter conviction of this night!

WASHINGTON

[*Looking at him—slowly.*]
Your conviction, son?

HAMILTON

This night is the beginning of the world.—Darkness was over the face of the deep, and He said, "Let there be light!"

WASHINGTON

[*Murmurs.*]
And there was light.

HAMILTON

And there was light!

WASHINGTON

Without form and void—and after that—light and order.

HAMILTON

Order—and organic structure: a new world—a new-builded unity—a new self-government above warring tribes—a commonwealth above kings—and its name, *America!*

WASHINGTON

You are young—and you have seen it.

HAMILTON

[*Ardently.*]
I *see* it, Sir!

WASHINGTON

I am getting old—but I too have seen it—darkly. Old eyes and young must work together, boy. Will finds its way.

HAMILTON

And the will is here.

WASHINGTON

Ah?—Where?

HAMILTON

[*With a reverent smile.*]
Under that crumpled hat, Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*Smiling back faintly—speaks, after a pause.*]
The boats are ready?

HAMILTON

On the face of the deep.

WASHINGTON

Over there—no crossing back. Over there—are the looted homes of freemen, and the German looters—keeping the birth of Christ, there. Over that water, my boy, is our final stake: 'tis fight to a finish.

HAMILTON

And fight—for the beginning: our commonwealth above kings!

WASHINGTON

In the beginning—there was a word spoken—a watchword—and the stars held their watch ever after.

[*From the distance, on the right, a single faint bugle-note is heard.*]

HAMILTON

O Sir, yes! Our watchword: the men are waiting for it.

WASHINGTON

[*Mutters, looking off.*]
No stars yet tonight!

HAMILTON

[*With fervour.*]
You will give it, Sir—you alone. I'll go tell them. This pad, Sir: write it on this; I'll return in a moment and get it. I beg of you, Sir,—the watchword!

[*Handing to* WASHINGTON *a little pad of paper,* HAMILTON *goes swiftly off in the darkness, right.*

Left alone, WASHINGTON *continues muttering to himself.*]

WASHINGTON

Above warring tribes. Out of the void—a form. And there was light of stars—and order. Void, and then—victory!

[*Slowly—his lips still murmuring—he begins to pace back and forth, his hands clutched behind him.*

While he does so, out of the night, a low, flute-like music plays softly the air of 'Raggle-taggle Gypsies.'

As the melody ceases, WASHINGTON *pauses (at the left) by the tree-bole, that forms there a column for the arch-like opening of snow-crusted evergreens.*

From there—as he moves again slowly down to the log by the fire, and sits there, holding the little pad in his left hand—he is followed from behind by a dim-robed FIGURE *in red, its face cowled in deep shadow, its arms crossed in large folds of its dark garment.*

Pausing for a moment behind him, where he sits, the FIGURE *bends above him in the firelight.*

Reaching a shadowy arm, it touches with its right hand the right hand of WASHINGTON, *poised with a pencil to write.*

At the touch, once more, faintly a bugle is heard, the hand of WASHINGTON *writes, and the bugle-note dies away as the* FIGURE *steals silently back to the centre of the snowy arch.*

WASHINGTON *does not move or speak; but now, from the right, low voices are heard and* HAMILTON *reappears. Glimpsed with him for a moment are the forms of Tom Paine and two or*

three others in regimentals, who retire at a gesture from HAMILTON.

Approaching WASHINGTON, HAMILTON *is about to speak, but checks himself at the other's intent posture of absorption—his open left hand holding extended the little pad.*

Seeing this, HAMILTON—*drawing closer—glances at it in the firelight, and reads:*]

HAMILTON

[*Murmuring low.*]
Victory or death.

[*Then, swiftly in silence returning toward the dimness, right, he speaks in vibrant tone:*]
Victory or death!

[*As he disappears, the Voice of* TOM PAINE *answers from farther off: "Victory or death!"*

Still farther, then, in the distance, other Voices call faintly to each other: "Victory or death!"

These Voices have hardly ceased, when once more a far bugle is heard.

WASHINGTON *stirs slightly, clutching his hands before him.*

Now the bugle is answered by another, and in the arched middleground, the DIM-RED FIGURE *in the Cowl quivers with deepening colour.*

WASHINGTON *tightens the great joints of his hands, and breathes heavily.*

And now, through the dark, increasingly, the upblowing notes of bugles begin to rise, like irises of sound. And as they rise, the grey of gust-blurred moonlight in the background clears to a pallid blue, which deepens and—filling swiftly with stars—takes on a glowing intensity of azure.

Against this sky of stars, impanelled by the shadowy arch, the red of the cowled FIGURE *looms and dilates with the sanguine richness of flame.*

And now the bugles—as many as the stars—magnify their blaring notes to a martial revelry of music, crashing the dark with their silver and brazen peals.

Staring upward in the midst of this sound and the colour behind him, WASHINGTON *starts to his feet in the foreground—both arms upraised in a gesture immense and terrible—his voice breaking with sharp joy, as he cries hoarsely aloud:*]

WASHINGTON

Victory! Lord God of battles—victory!

END OF ACT II

ACT III

AND EPILOGUE

ACT III

TENTH ACTION

The rise of the theatre curtain discovers the blue curtains closed at the centre. Behind them is heard a fiddle playing and the voice of QUILLOQUON *singing.*

Immediately, as the blue curtains draw back half the width of the stage opening, a burst of gorgeous colour meets the eye.

In a scene of shallow depth, the entire back wall consists of a resplendent painted canvas, in front of which, at the right, is a step-ladder.

On this is standing a YOUNG MAN*—clad in a long flowing robe of blue* [1] *worn over a British officer's uniform. At either side of him, standing on boxes—are a* BOY *and a* GIRL*, each holding a pot of paint. The young Man—slender, handsome, dark—holds several brushes, with one of which he is busily putting final touches to the design on the canvas.*

At left and right, the scene is closed in by great folds of blue hanging curtains, on which—informally

[1] The design and colour of this robe are the same as the robe of THE THEATRE, in the Prelude.

pinned—are drawings and paintings of scene-designs.

In a great chair (right), over which is thrown a rich hued tapestry, sits a stout MIDDLE-AGED MAN, *in the uniform of a British General. Near him, standing, is a tall Man, with fierce black beard, long moustachios, towering brass helmet and the uniform of a* HESSIAN OFFICER.

In the left background—in front of some tall decorated screens—stands the FIDDLER (QUILLOQUON), *dressed in a strange bright-coloured smock, worn over his work clothes.*

The two Children are clad likewise, and—where they stand holding the paint-pots—join in the chorus of the ballad-song, to which QUILLOQUON *partly fiddles—partly directs them with his bow—as he sings.*

Midway of the song's first stanza the curtains part.

THE FIDDLER

A fighter would a-fiddling go;
Instead of his sword he carried a bow,
All for to fiddle it high and low
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

[FIDDLER AND CHILDREN]

Jackie, boy!—Master!
Sing ye well?—very well!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

To my Hey down, down!
With my Ho down, down!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

THE FIDDLER

He fiddled all day until 'twas night,
He fiddled all dark until 'twas light,
All for to fiddle away the fight
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

[Fiddler and Children]

Jackie, boy!—Master.
Sing ye well?—very well!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

[*As the song concludes, the* British Officer, *slapping his thigh, exclaims loudly:*]

THE BRITISH OFFICER

Bravo, Master Scene-shifter! You sing well, with your Jackie-boy, and Jill, too.

[*To the* Young Man *on the ladder.*]

Where did you pick up this fellow?

THE YOUNG MAN

Oh, here in the theatre, General: a jack-of-all-trades. He helps me here in the scene-loft.

[*Pointing.*]

How do you like our new curtain, for the Old South?

THE BRITISH OFFICER

Prodigious good! A touch of extravagance that takes me. Your brush is as gallant as your sword, Captain André.

THE YOUNG MAN

[*Turns with a smile and slight bow.*]

Sir William Howe does me honour.

HOWE

Devil a bit! I saw your new drop-scene at the last performance—that landscape and cascade. Hogarth himself couldn't beat it. And so this is the new curtain for tomorrow night?

ANDRÉ

Yes, General. 'Tis just finished.

[*Tossing his brushes to* Quilloquon, *he comes down the ladder, while* Quilloquon *and the Children go off through the curtains, right.*]

HOWE

What's the play?

ANDRÉ

"Douglas."

HOWE

Who plays the title-part?

ANDRÉ

I do, Sir.

HOWE

Well said, youngster! You'll provide my staff with Garrick and Sir Joshua combined. Who gives the Prologue?

ANDRÉ

I plead very guilty, Sir. I've wrote it.

HOWE

What—Oliver Goldsmith, too! Sure, Captain André, I must raise your rank to Major of Dramatics.

ANDRÉ

[*With a laugh.*]

'Twould be only fitting, Sir William. You yourself, Sir, have converted the theatre of Mars to the temple of Melpomone. Thanks to you, Philadelphia is now the Athens of America.

THE HESSIAN OFFICER

[*With a strong German accent.*]

Ya—so. Here is now goot vinter quarters: plendy of goot music and liquors.

HOWE

And sour-krout, Knyphausen! Better than Trenton, a year ago, eh? How about that serenade the Yankees gave you Hessians o' Christmas night,—ha?

[Howe *roars with laughter.*]

KNYPHAUSEN

De tamn Yankees dey eat deir own medicine now, General. You hear de last news from Valley Forge—ya?

HOWE

Eh?—What news?

KNYPHAUSEN

Meester Vashington he is now tie up his breeches mit wrapping strings. For why?—he is cut off his last button, to buy him a frozen potato.—Haha!

HOWE

Ha! Hath he? Well, well, poor old fox, he shall have a hot sirloin—when I catch him. He's a gentleman and a sportsman—George Washington. Next spring—after I've frozen out his little rebellion—he and I shall go duck-shooting together. 'Tis jollier sport than this man-hunting.

KNYPHAUSEN

Sport! Ya—dere you are, you Anglo-Saxons! Always you *play* your var—by de pretty rules, like a game.

HOWE

A game—well, what the devil else is war?

KNYPHAUSEN

Var is business, Sir Villiam.

HOWE

Business be damned! War is a great national sport, Sir. Learn the rules and play according.

KNYPHAUSEN

Rules? Beat your enemy: dat is all de rules. But see here your var business! Here is not in all America vone town vere you tax de habitants. My men—dey must pay de farmers for deir chickens mit cash, and say dem "tank you" besides. Potzhimmel! Vat for a var!

HOWE

[*Rising.*]

Knyphausen, I'm captain of this cricket match. When the boys in your country learn bat-and-ball, they'll learn to understand British soldiers: aye, Sir, and American.—Now, André, I clean forgot: I must be off.

ANDRÉ

So soon, General?

HOWE

I've lost my dog. God above, Sir, Jack! my best hound—I've lost him. Took first prize at the show. I wouldn't swap him for a battalion. I must set the town in search.

[*Taking out and handing a paper.*]

Here, Knyphausen, you have legs—hurry ahead of me to Headquarters. This paper gives his full inven-

tory.—Superb foxhound—good old Jack! Aye, Sir, —a dozen battalions!

KNYPHAUSEN

[*Taking the paper.*]

For vone dog!

[*Scowling with savage disdain.*]

Gotteswillen!—Vat for a var!

[*As he is about to stride out through the curtains, left, two young* WOMEN *appear there—one in a bright-coloured gown, the other dressed in grey like a Quaker. Seeing the Hessian, they start aside—the first suppressing a scream, as* KNYPHAUSEN, *bowing fiercely, brushes rudely past and goes out, muttering:*]

Pardon, Mesdames!

THE FIRST YOUNG WOMAN

O—Captain André!

ANDRÉ

Mistress Polly,—ladies!

POLLY

[*Looking after* KNYPHAUSEN.]

Why is one of *those* here?

HOWE

[*Bursting out.*]

God knows, Madam! His Majesty hired 'em, not

me. Manners of mud-turtles! That one is a colonel, but he butters his bread with his thumb.—Pray introduce me, Captain.

ANDRÉ

Sir William—I present you to Mistress Polly Redmond, and—

POLLY

And my friend,—Captain,—Mistress Betsy Ross: both loyal *rebels,* Sir William!

HOWE

[*Bowing, as they both curtsy.*]
I bow to your conquest, fair enemies!

POLLY

Oh, but Captain, I've only a minute. I've run in to give you my answer.

ANDRÉ

Ah! So you *will* sing for us tomorrow night—before my Prologue?

POLLY

All my repertoire!

ANDRÉ

I am overwhelmed.

POLLY

You *will* be—when you hear me!

[*Handing a paper.*]

Look at my numbers.

ANDRÉ

[*Reads.*]

'War and Washington'; 'Cooped up in a Town!' 'Burgoyne's Defeat'—

[*Bursting into gay laughter.*]

Aha, Sir William—you hear? Reserve your box early! 'Twill be a royal benefit—for rebels!

HOWE

[*Joining his laughter.*]

Standing room only, I'll wager! Put me down for *two* boxes—

[*With another bow.*]

if Mistress Betsy will be there to join the rebellion.

BETSY

I thank thee, Sir: but 'tis the privilege of a Friend to be neutral. I attend not the playhouse.

HOWE

Neutral? Never with those eyes, fair Mistress! Nay, under that grey cloak of a Friend, I warrant you'll draw forth a shining blade for Washington!

BETSY

Only a needle, Sir. Polly sings for her country: I can only sew.

[*Under her cloak is visible a cloth bundle,*

with needle and thread—through the wrapping of which is glimpsed a gleam of red. white and blue.]

HOWE

[*Glancing.*]

What's here?

[*In confusion* BETSY *covers the bundle, as* POLLY *steps between her and* HOWE.]

POLLY

[*Saucily.*]

Shirts—for Valley Forge soldiers, Sir. Confiscate 'em—for his Majesty!

HOWE

Ah—unneutral needle!

[*Pressing his heart.*]

Already, Mistress Betsy, thou hast stabbed me mortally—here. I must fly for help—to Headquarters.

[*Going.*]

Captain, reserve me my box. Recover my lost heart—and my dog. Dear old Jack! Damn Hessians! Splendid hound! Ladies, your most devoted! Ah—bye the bye! I pray you will all dine with me shortly—to meet the Marquis of Lafayette and General Washington. I'm expecting 'em soon—by pressing invitation. Long live Washington—under my roof! God save the king—and my good old Jack! Worth *twenty* battalions—that dog!

[*Limping off on his cane,* HOWE *disappears through the curtains.*]

POLLY

Funny old dragon!

[*To* ANDRÉ.]

We must be going, too!

ANDRÉ

Nay, charmer of dragons: stay one moment.

[*As she waves good-bye to him.*]

Not if I show you a secret?

POLLY

[*Hesitating.*]

Secret?

ANDRÉ

A grand state secret.—Behind those screens!

POLLY

Oh!—Stop, Betsy.—'Tis fate! We are—spies!

[*Returning, curious.*]

I've always felt I should hang for a state secret.

ANDRÉ

So have I, Mistress Polly! Resist not fate!

POLLY

[*Awesomely.*]

Must I swear not to tell?

ANDRÉ

You must swear to tell all Philadelphia—except Sir William.

POLLY

[*Raising her right hand.*]
Swear, Betsy!

ANDRÉ

Look!

[*He puts aside the screens, revealing behind them a gorgeous array of dresses, costumes and dyed cloths, hanging over standards.*]

POLLY

O tempter of Eve!—What are those?

ANDRÉ

[*Taking forth some of the costumes and draping them over the step-ladder.*]
For my *Mischianza!*

POLLY

Miss—what?

ANDRÉ

My pageant—the first in America: a medley of masques and music and dances! 'Tis for next spring—in honour of Sir William. Philadelphia shall go arrayed like Tyre and Sidon.

BETSY

[*With grave feeling.*]

While our patriot army goes naked.—Polly, come away!

ANDRÉ

[*Showing a robe of white silk, with spangled pink sash.*]

Look! This Polonaise—for a Lady of the Blended Rose.

POLLY

[*Snatching it from him.*]

O rapture!

ANDRÉ

'Tis for you, Mistress Polly. Picture yourself in a veil of silver lace, with this headdress of pearls!

[*Showing another robe, with black sash.*]

And this—for a Lady of the Burning Mountain:—for your friend, if she will deign to wear it.

BETSY

I will die before wearing it.

POLLY

[*Pressing the robe to her heart.*]

I will die—*after!* Captain, array me in this robe: shoot me at sunrise, and bury me in a crystal casket—at the feet of my hero, Washington!

BETSY

Polly, thou art gone daft with thy theatre crazes. Living or dead, let us be clothed in our duty.

ANDRÉ

'Living or dead, let me but be renowned!'—That's a line I speak tomorrow night, in my part of *Douglas*. Ah, dutiful Mistress Ross, do not scorn too much our theatre's art. My duty is soldiering; yours—'tis sewing. Yet it may be that your life-task and mine today—all our hearts' devotion to peace or war—shall survive tomorrow only in a player's part—or the refrain of a song.

BETSY

Duty, Sir, thinks not of survival.

POLLY

But beauty longs for it, Betsy. Remember our Washington, even at Valley Forge, hath a theatre—for our starving patriots. They lack for clothes and bread—but not for players.

BETSY

[*Murmurs.*]

Valley Forge!

ANDRÉ

The art we share should heal our enmities. I pray it will.

[*Dreamily, from nearby, strings of a dulcimer begin to play—a melody pensive and minor.*

BETSY, *clutching tighter her wrapped bundle, stands gazing—her eyes fixed far off.*]

BETSY

[*Murmurs again.*]
Valley Forge!

[*And now, to the dulcimer, the Voice of* QUILLOQUON *is heard singing.*]

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON

She leaned herself against a thorn,
All alone and aloney,
And there her firstling sons were born,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

[POLLY *looks questioning toward* ANDRÉ, *who answers her look quietly.*]

ANDRÉ

An old ballad.

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON

[*Sings on.*]

She pullèd down her dark, dark hair,
All alone and aloney,
And bound it round their limbs so bare,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

She pullèd out her snow-white breast,
All alone and aloney,
And bid them suck—'twould be her last,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

BETSY

[*Murmurs.*]

The cold hill side.

[*She turns toward the curtained entrance.* ANDRÉ *speaks to her.*]

ANDRÉ

Pray, Mistress, wait! We are enemies—only in prose. In the heart of song, my England is yours, your America—mine. May we not be friends?

BETSY

To be a Friend, Sir, is my faith. Yet there are times when friendship must be fought for.—O Polly, —come!

[*She goes swiftly out, left. Polly is following.*]

ANDRÉ

And *you*—?

POLLY

[*Pausing at the entrance, hands the pearl headdress to* ANDRÉ.]

Dear Captain, fate may make us spies—but never traitors.

ANDRÉ

[*Snatches her hand, kissing it.*]

Lady of fate!

[*Restraining an impetuous gesture,* POLLY *hurries out.*

Left alone, ANDRÉ *turns slowly back. The dulcimer is still playing. Looking at the pearls in his hand,* ANDRÉ *murmurs low:*]

Spies—but never traitors.

(*Eighth Transition*)

[*Through the curtains, right,* QUILLOQUON *enters with the Children. As they approach, their forms and the figure of* ANDRÉ *melt into greyish darkness, while their voices are singing.*]

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON

If God were here, O children mine,
All alone and aloney,
He'd wrap you in the warm wool fine,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

(THE CHILDREN)

O Mother dear, whose eyes are there,
All alone and aloney,
A-shining through your dark, dark hair,
Down by the cold hill-sidey?

(QUILLOQUON)

If God it were, O children mine,
All alone and aloney,
He'd warm your hearts with His red wine,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

(THE CHILDREN)

O Mother dear, His milk is best,
All alone and aloney,
That warms us from your snow-white breast,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

ELEVENTH ACTION

A flurry of grey light breaks the dark in the right middleground.

Vaguely it reveals the interior of a large tent, on the left divided by the rough stone back of a fireplace—with tile chimney piercing the sloped cloth roofing—into a shallow and a deep recess, the latter leading beyond sight in the background.

With the flurry of light, a swirling sound of sleigh bells bursts also through the opening flap of an incurved entrance, the canvas portico of which is just visible outside.

In a gust of grey-white sleet, huddled Figures are seen entering in a group that partly surrounds a low sledge, piled with ice-crusted fire-wood. Harnessed to the sledge, ragged, storm-drenched Men drag in the load a few feet and pause. Through the low jingle of the harness' bells, the voice of HAMILTON *is heard speaking.*

HAMILTON

Yes, this is General Washington's tent. Stack the wood over yonder. The provisions beyond there.—Thank you.

[*Other* SOLDIERS *enter—Men young, middle-aged and old. Some are almost naked. Some wear old dressing gowns and blankets strapped to their waists. On the backs of two or three, loaded provisions are tied. With them enter* HAMILTON *and* PAINE, *also clad forlornly.*

Closing the tent-flap, BILLY, *the black servant —his scarlet-and-white livery now faded dun and bedraggled—stands at attention.*

In silence, save for the faint tinkling, the sledge is drawn across beyond view into the deeper recess, from which flickering shadows of the Men are cast by the fire, as they gather about it, unloading and stacking the wood and provisions beyond, with low rumbling noise and occasional murmur of voices.

Meanwhile, crossing the shallower recess, HAMILTON *opens there the shutter-blinds of a window beside a table, letting in a stormy light, as he turns to his companion, and speaks.*]

Those harnesses, Mr. Paine, are made of grape-vines. Our horses are mostly dead, so we contrive substitutes—with bells, for horse-play.

PAINE

'Tis our nature, Colonel. Man is your only volunteer pack-horse. To attain liberty he will harness the lightning or his own legs. Aye, Sir, to develop our divinity, we are the only demi-gods that dwell in the temples of ground-hogs.

HAMILTON

Ground-hogs?

PAINE

Valley Forge soldiers, Sir. This camp is the acropolis of such vermin. Holes in a frozen hillside —from these burrowed altars we crawl out to view our shadows in the sun, and bear the griping arrows of Phœbus Apollo.

HAMILTON

And the malice of our dear friends. General Washington bears the brunt of that.

PAINE

What! Is the gossip true? Hath Gates really plotted—?

HAMILTON

Every back-door tattle-way. His capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga hath puffed his head like an adder's.

PAINE

Gates captured what Washington planned. That's too easy.

HAMILTON

Not for Gates. He plots to obtain the chief command now himself.

PAINE

And Congress listens?

HAMILTON

Behind their hands—so. 'Tis a cabal—a monster: jealousy, petty hate, false gossip—beyond belief. They use an upstart named Conway. They set loose lies—like hornets. The plan is to sting Washington till he resigns. They know they dare not remove him; if they tried, all America would rise and hang 'em on Liberty belfry. So they sting him in the dark.

PAINE

Him—their one hope! Are they mad?

HAMILTON

Yes, with envy of his power—the power of patience. Their latest attempt is to draw LaFayette in their net. You know, when he came from France last summer to fight with us, how quickly the General took the young Marquis to his heart. This rankles with Gates and his party. If they can win LaFayette, they think to win their cabal.

PAINE

And *will* they win him?

HAMILTON

When they win heaven's gate and unhinge it—not before. Young LaFayette is the heart of France—and that is incorruptible.

THE VOICE OF WASHINGTON

[*Calls low and vibrant.*]

Hamilton!

[Hamilton *starts.*

Through the tent-flap, in another gust of sleet, Washington *enters—his cloak wrapped round a human form, which he bears in his arms, the head and one stiff naked arm drooping limp.*

Glancing quickly about, Washington *speaks again, staccato.*]

Brandy!

[Hamilton *reaches for a flask on the table.*

Bending over in the background, Washington *lays his burden on the floor, near the centre, stoops down in front of it, partly unwrapping the cloak, and motions to the Men by the fireplace:*]

Make room there.

[*The Men draw apart from the fire, and move forward—peering, a bit listlessly.*]

HAMILTON

[*Hurrying quietly with the flask.*]

Here, Sir. Is he hurt?

WASHINGTON

Frozen.—Found him in a snow-drift.

[*Taking the flask, he bends with it to the limp body, half concealed now by the standing forms of* Hamilton, Paine, *and others gathered around.*]

PAINE

[*In a low voice.*]
Can we help, General?

WASHINGTON

No.

[*For a moment, the Men stand silent, watching, till* Washington *glances up and speaks again.*]
How far off is the doctor?

A TATTERED MAN

[*Stepping forward.*]
I'm a doctor in my home town, Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*With a gesture.*]
What's your verdict? Is he gone?

THE MAN

[*Stooping down, after a little, rises again.*]
Gone, Sir.

[*The Men draw away, as* Washington *rises, and mutter together as they move off.*]

ONE MAN

Oh,—just another!

A SECOND MAN

I knew him. He was a sergeant—had a young wife and three young 'uns.

[*Going slowly to the table,* WASHINGTON *sets down the flask;* HAMILTON *stands near.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Quietly.*]

They die—like crickets in autumn.

[*Glancing at a paper on the table, lifts it and reads:*]

'Unfit for service, by cause of nakedness—3989.'

[*Glancing at* HAMILTON.]

That's today's report?

HAMILTON

Today's, your Excellency.

[*They confer together.*

Coming out of the deeper recess with jingle of sleigh-bells, the MEN *in harness drag the sledge toward the entrance, right, followed by the others, talking low.*]

ONE MAN

Same last night. My soup was full o' burnt leaves. What did *you* get?

ANOTHER

Fire-cake and water! The Lord send our Commissary may live on't too, till their glutted guts turn to pasteboard.

A THIRD

Smoke, lice and vomit—that's my upkeep.

PAINE

[*To the Group.*]
Want to chuck the game, and go home, boys?

THE THIRD MAN

[*Pointing at* WASHINGTON.]
Not while *he* there sticks!

THE SECOND MAN

[*To* PAINE.]
You'd never ask us that, if you had read *Common-sense* and *The Crisis.*

THE FIRST MAN

[*Nudging the second.*]
Him read 'em!—He *wrote* 'em!

[*They stare after* PAINE, *where he moves off with a smile.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Coming over to the sledge, halts those who drag it, pointing to the dead man.*]
Take him with you. He's done walking.

[*Several Men turn to the body.*

As they lift it on the sledge, WASHINGTON *speaks to the tattered* DOCTOR.]

Find the chaplain.

[*Glancing toward the body.*]

See him fitly buried. Keep the cloak for yourself —'twas mine.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Sir—thanks.

THE SECOND MAN

General, we'll all on us go sled-ridin'—to serve *you.*

THE THIRD MAN

Kingdom-come, but no quittin', Sir! Sleigh-bells for church-bells—and no sexton nuther.

SEVERAL VOICES

Aye, General!

WASHINGTON

We're all one team, lads.

[*Lifting his hat momentarily above the sledge, while those who have hats remove theirs also.*]

A good journey—and rest—to our comrade!

[*With devoted looks toward* WASHINGTON—*while those in front drag the sledge with the body—all the* SOLDIERS *go out, bending their heads to the snowy gust that beats through the*

opened tent flap, which the darky closes after them.]

PAINE

[*Buttoning his coat, salutes* Washington.]
I'll see them a bit on their way, General.

WASHINGTON

[*Noticing him for the first time, grasps his hand warmly.*]
Ah, Tom Paine! Your writings have larned 'em to think, Sir. You're worth a dozen commissariats for you larder their souls.

PAINE

Thought is in the air, Sir; I merely distil it. I'm a moonshiner.

WASHINGTON

And your moonshining has warmed my army with the fire-water of dreams. A fighter without dreams is no soldier; he's a machine. Machines break down in snow-storms—but not soldiers. Bellies cave in—but not courage; eyes go blind—but not vision. Young man, you have clarified our country's cause for its defenders. Liberty is your debtor. God bless you!

PAINE

He does, Sir.—You are my friend.

[*Bowing swiftly, he hurries out.*

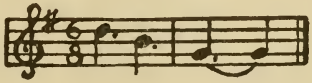
Following him, Billy *closes the tent flap from*

outside. Pensively, WASHINGTON *crosses to the table, where* HAMILTON *sits writing by a pile of documents.* HAMILTON *starts to rise, but sits again, at a gesture from the other, and continues to write in silence.*

On the table, WASHINGTON'S *hand touches a flute. He takes it up and stands holding it. Staring out of the mist-blurred window, absently he draws lines on a pane with the end of the flute.*

The lines take on roughly the outline of a tree.

Slowly he lifts the flute to his lips, and blows on it faintly three notes



HAMILTON *glances up.*

Gathering some documents, he rises and speaks, hesitatingly.]

HAMILTON

Where do you wish these papers filed, Sir?

WASHINGTON

[*Half aloud—still staring at the window pane.*]

Under the sycamore.

HAMILTON

I beg pardon?

WASHINGTON

[*With a deep-caught breath—dropping the flute on the table.*]

Ah!—those papers—

[*Glancing.*]

The cabal matter?

HAMILTON

Yes, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON

Destroy them.—Did you write to my farm manager?

HAMILTON

About draining the swamp, Sir. Yes.

WASHINGTON

Good.

HAMILTON

[*Lifting another paper.*]

This interrupted letter from Conway to General Gates?

WASHINGTON

[*Taking the letter, glances at it.*]

Sit down.

[HAMILTON *sits again, and writes, as* WASHINGTON—*pacing slowly back and forth—speaks, with deliberation.*]

You may take this dictation:

'To General Conway, etc.

'Sir:

'A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:—"In a letter from General Conway to General Gates, he says, *Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.*"

'I am, Sir, your humble servant'

Here: I'll sign it.

[*He bends over and signs.*]

I think that will spring their man trap—and bark their own shins, if they wriggle.

HAMILTON

This letter to yourself from the lat chaplain of Congress—

WASHINGTON

Read it.

[*Taking up a long-stemmed clay pipe,* WASHINGTON *fills and lights it at the fire, as he listens.*]

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'Your cities fall, one after another; fortress after fortress, battle after battle, is lost. The enemy's army have possessed themselves of the Capital of America. How unequal the contest! How fruitless the expense of blood! Under so many discouraging

circumstances, can virtue, can honour, can the love of your country, prompt you to proceed?'

WASHINGTON

Love of my country?—That's prime!

[*Reaching for the first sheet of the letter, which* Hamilton *has laid down,* Washington *crumples it, ignites it at the fire and re-lights his pipe with it.*]

HAMILTON

[*After glancing with a faint smile, continues reading.*]

'Humanity itself calls upon you to desist. Your army must perish for want of common necessaries, or thousands of innocent families must perish to support them. Wherever they march, the troops of the enemy will pursue, and complete the destruction which America herself has begun.'

WASHINGTON

[*With a grim twist of his face.*]

America begun!

[*He sits at the table, opposite* Hamilton *but facing sideways, looking into the bowl of his pipe.*]

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'Perhaps it may be said 'tis better to die, than to be

made slaves. This indeed is a splendid maxim in theory—'

WASHINGTON

[*Grunts deep.*]

Ah!

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'Perhaps—experimentally true. But when there might be a happy accommodation—'

WASHINGTON

Ah—?

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'Sir, 'tis to you alone your bleeding country looks.'

WASHINGTON

[*Snorts low.*]

Me!

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'Your penetrating eye will discern my meaning.'

WASHINGTON

[*Glancing round.*]

It does.

HAMILTON

[*Reads.*]

'With your own prudence and delicacy, recommend, Sir, to Congress the immediate cessation of

hostilities; represent the necessity of rescinding the hasty and ill-advised Declaration of Independence—'

WASHINGTON

[*Striking his closed fist, with the pipe, on the table, shattering the pipe.*]

Wait!

[*Quietly.*]

Don't waste that paper.

[*Taking from Hamilton the remaining sheets of the letter, he tears them in two and hands them back.*]

It makes good tinder.

[*He rises.*]

HAMILTON

[*Rising also, speaks after a pause.*]

To grow a new world—takes weeding.

WASHINGTON

Aye, Alec,—and wabbling weathercocks!
Too hot, too cold, too raw, too roast—
'tis our human barometer.

HAMILTON

But our commonwealth above kings, Sir—

WASHINGTON

Will never be built above *men.* We must build with what we are, boy. After all—we have no better.

[Billy *enters—making passage for two Men, in long cloaks, who pause near the entrance.*]

BILLY

[*Coming forward.*]
Marse Ex'lency—

WASHINGTON

Ah, Billy?

BILLY

De Count Pulaski, an' de Baron von Steuben.

WASHINGTON

[*Turning toward them.*]
Welcome, gentlemen!

STEUBEN

[*Saluting with precision, hands a document and speaks with German accent.*]
My report, Excellency!
[Washington *takes it.*]
I come for vone only minute.

PULASKI

[*With a courtly bow, speaks with the accent of a Pole.*]
And also I, General—to inquire of my commission.

WASHINGTON

Congress hath granted it, Count. 'Tis here.

[*Taking from his pocket a paper, he hands it.*]

You will recruit the Pulaski Legion of Cavalry.

[*Taking from beside the fireplace a folded standard.*]

This banner the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem have made for you. They send it with their love and reverence.—Pray accept my hand, Sir. It gives you the grip of a brother freeman—America to Poland.

PULASKI

[*As they clasp hands.*]

Poland to America: for free men—victory!

[*Taking the banner he bows again and—joined by* HAMILTON*—goes toward the entrance, where he converses a moment, before he goes out.*]

WASHINGTON

[*To* STEUBEN.]

Well, Baron: and how do my men progress with your training?

STEUBEN

Ach! Potzteufel! Sacré de gaucherie of des badauds! I can curse dem no more.

WASHINGTON

[*With a flitting smile.*]

You find them different from your Prussians.

STEUBEN

Different?—Parbleu! In Prussia, a soldier he is born mit his mouth shut. But here—vat you tink? Ven I tell dem orders, dey ask me of mine reasons: *Ja,—reasons,* mein Gott! And I must answer dem, too!

WASHINGTON

[*With a short laugh.*]

A troublesome habit, Baron. Our American coat-of-arms is a question-mark.

STEUBEN

[*With a shrug of bewilderment.*]

'Tis de vonder of Europe, General, how you is compel dese fellows to fight for you.

WASHINGTON

I don't compel 'em, Sir: I can't prevent 'em. They fight—for reasons.

STEUBEN

Bien! My King of Prussia—de great Friedrich—he is declare your campaign of Trenton de greatest in dis century. And mit dese damn fools!—Mon Dieu, c'est génie!

WASHINGTON

King Frederick is gracious. But I am grateful to you, Baron, for bringing your superior discipline to our green army. We Americans hate wars—but we

win 'em. So we welcome your Prussian drill—without Prussian will.

STEUBEN

De vill—how is dat?

WASHINGTON

The will of kings, Sir. Your own king has wrote of it very frankly. ' 'Tis the maxim of kingcraft,' he says, 'to despoil our neighbours, for that takes away their means of doing us injury. So we kings must take when we can, and we are never wrong—unless we have to give back what we have taken.' That, Sir, is the will which the will of America is fighting.

BILLY

[*Who has returned, comes forward with bubbling excitement.*]

Beggin' yo' pardon, Marse Ex'lency—

WASHINGTON

What is it?

BILLY

Dey's a prisoner at de do', Sir.

WASHINGTON

[*Turning to* Hamilton.]

Prisoner! Have him brought in.

[Hamilton *goes with* Billy *to the entrance*

where Billy *speaks outside, with pompous importance.*]

BILLY

Admit de prisoner!

[*A ragged* Soldier *enters, leading a dog.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Staring.*]

What's this—a fox-hound?

THE SOLDIER

Red-coat, I guess, General. I'm a sentry. I captured him on the road to Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON

Captured him!

THE SOLDIER

[*Grinning.*]

Aye, Sir. He's a British officer—by his collar mark.

WASHINGTON

[*Patting the dog, reads from the collar.*]

General Sir William Howe: Headquarters.'

[*Bursts into laughter, with the others—except* Steuben, *who looks on astonished.*]

Ha, my man! What prize-money are you claiming for this haul?

THE SOLDIER

Wall, General: ten thousand continental dollars—or a swig o' rum.

WASHINGTON

Pass him the flask, Billy.

[*Pulling out a flask for* THE SOLDIER, BILLY *retires with him, choking back a fit of laughter.* WASHINGTON—*squatting down, fondles the dog in his arms.*]

Well, well, good old Sir William: you mind me of my old Mopsey, bless your heart! What you doin' in Valley Forge? Got cold feet, eh, General? Come over to the enemy? Good, Sir!

[*To* HAMILTON.]

Alexander, fetch out the potted calf! Escort his Excellency to the chimney, and give him house warming.

[*As* WASHINGTON *rises, a clear-ringing voice is heard calling outside.*]

THE VOICE

General! General!—Mon Général!

WASHINGTON

[*His face lighting with affection.*]

Ha! Here's my French boy!

[*Dashing through the entrance, a boyish* YOUNG MAN, *in draggled uniform, flings his*

snow-covered cloak on the floor, and rushes to WASHINGTON, *embracing him.*]

THE YOUNG MAN

[*Speaks swiftly, with a French accent.*]
My dear General, the news—you have heard them?

WASHINGTON

What news?

THE YOUNG MAN

The post from France 'tis arrived! They have tell me at the office. You have receive dispatches—no?

WASHINGTON

No: not yet. [*To* HAMILTON.]
Alexander, step over to the office and inquire.

[HAMILTON *throws on his cloak and goes toward the door, giving over the dog to* BILLY, *who leads it into the deeper recess beyond sight.*
STEUBEN, *about to follow, pauses as he is passing* THE YOUNG MAN.]

STEUBEN

[*With military salute.*]
Général de LaFayette!

LAFAYETTE

[*Bowing graciously.*]
Bon jour, Baron!

STEUBEN

[*To* HAMILTON.]

Colonel, vait: I go mit you.

[*At the door.*]

Dese dogs and Frenchmen—parbleu!—dey are great in favour.

[*With a laughing grimace.*]

Potzteufel!

[*He goes out with* HAMILTON.]

WASHINGTON

[*To LaFayette with solicitude—observing a slight limp in his walk.*]

The leg still hurts—your wound at Brandywine?

LAFAYETTE

No, no—a nothing: quite healed.—'Tis the post, my General: I feel it prick in my blood: you shall today hear from Paris—from Dr. Franklin. He shall write you of the Alliance—France with America—consummáte! Ah, my friend—I will then die of joy. Mon ami! Plus que mon frère—mon père!

[*Impetuously, he seizes* WASHINGTON'S *hand and kisses it.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Smiling, draws him toward the table, where they sit.*]

Nay, little Marquis: you have not disobeyed your

government, defied your relatives, and crossed the world to fight for liberty—just to die of joy. What would your young wife say to that?

LAFAYETTE

[*With pensive change.*]

Oui—my wife: that was the most hard—to part with her—and my little Henriette.

[*Animated again.*]

My General, you must behold her—Henriette! At nine months she is already grande dame and petite coquette: a fleur de lis, a wild dove, a humming-bird—the gesture of roses, a lisping of philosophy—in lavender!

WASHINGTON

I am her slave already.

LAFAYETTE

When you meet, you will be her disciple—like me: she is so wise—so beautiful—so young!

WASHINGTON

[*Taking* LaFayette's *hands in both his, smiles in his face wistfully.*]

So young—so wise! You, my lad, you almost make we wise and young again.

LAFAYETTE

[*Wonderingly.*]

Me, my friend,—you!

WASHINGTON

[*Deeply.*]

A wind in March blows away dead leaves and rubbish. It bares old trails to the sun again. Your coming, boy, hath been like that for me: green hills again—new sap in old woods—and the big wind of being young.

LAFAYETTE

[*Eagerly.*]

I know—I feel: 'Tis not me: 'tis the wind, big with the new world to be born.

WASHINGTON

[*With a grave smile.*]

Ah? He said that too,—my other son! We must christen that new world—together.

LAFAYETTE

[*Leaping up.*]

Mais, oui! But those men—in the Congress—these cabaleurs, men stupid, bad, ridiculous—ha! They think they shall lead me off from your side. This Conway—fool preposterous! This General Gates! Let them know I am a good shepherd-dog of freedom, and you—my only master. Whistle for me only: I lie down at your feet.

[*Swiftly kneeling beside* WASHINGTON *where he sits, he lays his head against his knees.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Rising with him.*]

Please—dear Marquis: don't worry yourself. Duty breeds enemies. In doing mine, I have made many—these men in particular.

LAFAYETTE

[*Pacing back and forth, gesticulating.*]

Them—yes, they know my frailness—glory: I adore it—glory! So me they commission Major-General—send me to conquer Canada. I go; I arrive Albany—Veni, vidi, ha! non vici! No men—no stores—no money! Expedition—what you say?—á la wild goose: un fiásco! Voilá! And all for why? For to call me away thousand miles from *you,* my commander.

[*Fiercely.*]

Them! I say to them—Peste!

WASHINGTON

I hope you didn't say so.

LAFAYETTE

[*Brightening to a gay smile.*]

Say so—me! My General, I am a Frenchman. When I met them, I was for them at dinner the guest of honour. What I did say? "Gentlemen," I say, "I propose you a toast: the health of one only we *all* have delight to honour—our Commander-in-chief, Washington!"

WASHINGTON

[*With a sudden guffaw.*]

And they drank that toast?

LAFAYETTE

[*Rippling with laughter.*]

In their wind-bags! There was much coughing in the wine.

WASHINGTON

I'll warrant!

LAFAYETTE

And these—are patriots! Ha! When I was in France, I say to my thoughts—America: land of souls pure! There every man he loves not himself—but only his cause, liberty; only his country, mankind! Then I come to America, and I meet—some patriots!

WASHINGTON

Gold ore is not gold, Marquis. Yet there be thousands of hearts in America—pure gold.

LAFAYETTE

[*Quickly.*]

Yes, yes—ten thousands! I know it!

WASHINGTON

So let us forget the slag; yes, even your *glory*, boy! As Cato says in the play:

'The post of honour is a private station.'

After the war—come with me to Mt. Vernon. I'll show you there—better than glory—peace.

LAFAYETTE

Me in your home!

[*Snatching his hand again.*]

My friend—you will not laugh? I see, like in a dream—myself an ancestor. I see them—my little Henriette her grandchildren—they are celebrating your name, in worship; they are boasting to others: "We LaFayettes—one of our forefathers—he was friend to Washington!"—Oui, mon ami, that shall be my glory!

[Washington—*his jaw setting gravely—looks off through the window, while* LaFayette, *with sudden awe, releases his hand.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Murmurs low.*]

Valley Forge—Valley Forge! Whatever happens will be best.

LAFAYETTE

[*After a pause—quietly.*]

My General—I have forgot—a message.

WASHINGTON

Message—who from?

LAFAYETTE

The Virginia officers. The oath of allegiance to

America, when I ask them sign it—they say: No, not them: 'tis superfluous—an insult. They ask your opinion, by word of me—Why should they sign? Do you compel it?—What shall I tell them?

WASHINGTON

Tell them, every oath should be a free act of the mind. No compulsion can validate a vow. My opinion is nothing. They have their consciences. Let them swear, or not swear, by *them.*

LAFAYETTE

I will tell: I think they will swear. I, a Frenchman, have sworn.

[*At the tent entrance,* HAMILTON *hurries in, followed by a tattered fellow, carrying a post-bag.* LAFAYETTE *gives a joyous cry.*]

Ah, the post!

HAMILTON

[*Handing a letter to* WASHINGTON.]

From Dr. Franklin, Sir: I know the hand.

WASHINGTON

[*Glancing, breaks it open.*]

From Paris.

HAMILTON

[*As* WASHINGTON *reads to himself, turns to* LAFAYETTE *and hands another letter.*]

And this for you, Marquis I met the post boy on the road.

WASHINGTON

[*Clutching his open letter tightly.*]

Gentlemen—listen:

[*He reads.*]

'I have the honour to inform you that this day the Alliance between France and the United States of America was officially signed and sealed.'

HAMILTON AND LAFAYETTE

[*In one breath.*]

The Alliance!

LAFAYETTE

Ha! Prophecy of my veins!

HAMILTON

Our first ally in the Old World—to unite both worlds for freedom!

WASHINGTON

[*Turning, calls to* BILLY—*who hovers, curious, in the left background.*]

Billy—run out! Bid my sentries fire their guns—fourteen rounds—for France and the thirteen States. Bolt! Use your legs!

BILLY

Yas'r, marse Ex'—! Hallelujah!

[*He rushes out.*

Turning back, WASHINGTON *pauses, looks at*

LAFAYETTE *and* HAMILTON—*extending to both of them his hands. On either side, each seizes his hand and presses it.*]

WASHINGTON

Boys—my sons—young America and new France!

HAMILTON

[*Low, and ardent.*]
Trenton—has led to Paris.

LAFAYETTE

[*Vibrant, elate.*]
Paris—has come home to Valley Forge!
[*His gesture holds aloft the grasped letter in his hand.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Observing it, quickly.*]
You, too—a letter?

LAFAYETTE

From my wife. May I open—now?

WASHINGTON

Pray, do! She shall share our moment of good tidings.

[LAFAYETTE *breaks open the seal, and reads with his eyes.*

Outside a gun is fired.

HAMILTON *and* WASHINGTON *look at each other and smile.*

A second gun resounds.

The letter from LAFAYETTE'S *hand flutters to the ground.*

He presses his side—staring.

WASHINGTON *speaks with alarm.*]

WASHINGTON

Marquis!—What is it?

LAFAYETTE

[*Speaks low—his face rigid.*]

Henriette—she is dead—ma petite Henriette—

[*Convulsively, he clutches his face in his hands and turns against* WASHINGTON'S *breast.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Embracing him—murmurs with tenderness.*]

My boy!

[*The still-firing guns now resound with men's voices cheering outside.*]

LAFAYETTE

[*Starts suddenly away from* WASHINGTON—*his lifted face smiling strangely—his features twitching.*]

Henriette—listen! The guns—L'Alliance—Vive la liberté!

(Ninth Transition)

With a burst of cheering outside, the Postboy in the background raises his own voice—the voice of QUILLOQUON: *a louder gun explodes, with instant darkness—out of which the Ballader's voice rings gaily, to a dance-step tune and rhythm.*

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON

[*Sings.*]

Gypsy Davy came over the sea,
To his lingo-dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-ca!
And vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-ca!
And Vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

[*During this song, the dark gradually changes, through dusky greyness, to broad day.*]

TWELFTH ACTION

The light reveals a scene of fantastic design and vivid colour: a triumphal Archway, constructed—at

the angle of a city street—in the form of an arbour.

At the centre, back, the arch is festooned with splendid cloth of gold, draped from its central keystone, from which hangs a great shield[1] *painted with a landscape (the sun setting beyond water and hills), its laurelled oblong set round with flags and cannon, and the inscriptions*

Vive Vale

Luceo Discedens Aucto Splendore Resurgam

The houses on either side are also draped in magnificent colour, through which their colonial doorways constitute ways of entrance and exit, garlanded and adorned with statues, in stucco, of Italianesque ladies and pseudo-classic fauns. Overhead, the arbour roof is hung with tapestries florescent with designs of clustered fruits and flowers.

Under this gorgeous archway, a drab, contrasting group of tattered American soldiers (with sprigs of evergreen in their hats) half surround a ragged Singer (QUILLOQUON). *In the background others are seen in excited pantomime.*

During this, from the doorway, right, two Figures steal out and hasten furtively toward the background. One is dressed in a gown of white Polonaise silk, with pearl headdress and spangled veil; the other

[1] As designed by John André for the Mischianza; page 98 of Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution."

is clad like a Mediaeval Knight, his pageant armour almost concealed under folds of a great cloak embroidered with coats-of-arms, his face half hidden by a domino mask.

QUILLOQUON

[*Singing and dancing to his tune.*]
Gypsy Davy brought over his squad
With their own true love to lea-d 'um,
For the lass in the heart of every lad
Was the Gypsy-Queen of Free-dom.

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Ameri-ca!
And Vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

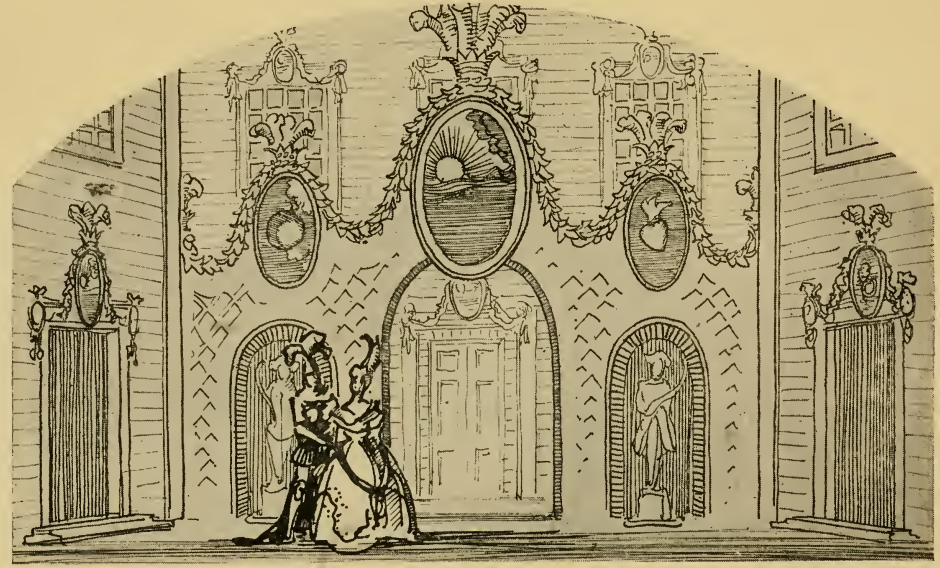
[*The Soldiers cheer, and look on laughing as* Quilloquon *repeats his clog-dance steps, to the thrumming of his dulcimer.*

Meantime, The Knight *in the domino mask speaks quick and low to his companion.*]

THE KNIGHT

Adorable Mistress Polly, adieu! General Howe and General Clinton are in full retreat. I must join them. Washington is already in the city. Philadelphia is lost and my heart with it.—Keep this remnant, in token of a poor soldier of paint pots.

[*He cuts off a gold button, kisses it and gives to her.*]



THE MISCHIANZA

POLLY

Farewell, Captain André—first soldier-artist of America! Come back to us, when English cousins are friends again. Meantime, we will hate your old king—and adore your young memory.

ANDRÉ

[*Ardently, removing his mask.*]

You—Mistress Polly?

POLLY

Polonaise you were to call me!—See!

[*Smiling, she points to her gown.*]

ANDRÉ

[*Glancing from the gown to the archway.*]

Ah! fair phantasy of my Mischianza! A bubble of dreams—'tis burst. But it was beautiful?

POLLY

A triumph for all the Muses!

[*In frightened tone, as Soldiers draw near.*]

Quick. Put on your mask. They'll see you.

[*The two steal toward the archway, as* Quilloquon *resumes his singing with the Soldiers.*]

QUILLOQUON

So hark now, every Free-dom's man
And remember long and well, sir:
While David stands with Jon-a-than,
The Devil he'll stay in hell, sir.

[*Dancing and singing with the Soldiers.*]

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-ca!
And Vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

[*With his finale,* QUILLOQUON *dances off through the archway, left.*]

POLLY

[*In a low voice, to* ANDRÉ.]
Escape. Be quick. God speed you!

ANDRÉ

[*Kissing her hand.*]
Till happier days!

[*He hurries off, right, in the background.*
A bugle blows outside.
The Soldiers gather to attention.
Outside The Voice of WASHINGTON *is heard speaking in wrathful fervour.*]

WASHINGTON

Speculation—peculation! Those army contractors are hogs, Sir. Hang 'em on a gibbet as high as Haman's, aye, nine times higher. Profit-mongers that fatten on their country's starving—bleed 'em lean on the gallows! Stick 'em for swine: that's my vote, Sir.

[*From the left background, through the archway, a Bugler* (Quilloquon) *enters, followed by a* Little Girl *and* Boy, *who walk backward strewing flowers before* Washington, *who comes in talking with a Civilian, and accompanied by* LaFayette, Hamilton, *and other Officers.*

Behind these more Soldiers and Civilians follow.

Polly, *unclasping her necklace, tosses it in* Washington's *path, and makes him a low courtesy.*]

WASHINGTON

[*Pausing with abruptness, bows aloofly.*]

Madam—

[*To his Orderly,* Billy.]

Restore the lady's possessions.

POLLY

[*As* Billy *lifts the necklace, to hand it back.*]

Not mine, your Excellency. 'Tis legitimate loot. I have but robbed the plunder chest of Tyranny, to make offering on the altar of Freedom.

WASHINGTON

[*With a second bow of stiff politeness.*]

A well-meant sentiment, Madam. May I inquire whence you are from?

POLLY

[*Twinkling.*]

From the right bank of the Potomac, General: one o' your *Jinnies.*

WASHINGTON

[*His coldness breaking with a sudden glow.*]

My dear young lady—your name?

POLLY

Polly Redmond, of Fairfax County—ten miles from Mt. Vernon.

WASHINGTON

[*With outright warmth.*]

Mt. Vernon! Dear Mistress Polly—ten times welcome!

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Your devoted servant.

[*Turning to* LAFAYETTE.]

Mistress Polly—the Marquis of LaFayette.

LAFAYETTE

[*Bowing to her hand.*]

Chere dame de la Polonaise!

WASHINGTON

[*Introducing the Civilian.*]

And President Laurens—of the United States Congress.

[LAURENS *bows.*]

POLLY

Gentlemen of the Army and Congress, welcome home to your Capital.

[*Pointing to the shield on the archway.*]

You behold! The sunset of General Howe is the rising-sun of Washington. His *Vale,* Sir, is your *Vive—Vive* to the heroes of Valley Forge. But not all of us prisoners in Philadelphia are butterflies like myself—to flutter in your path. I beg leave, Sir, to fetch forth from her hiding—a little moth in grey.

WASHINGTON

[*Smiling.*]

A moth, Mistress Polly?

POLLY

A young Quakeress, your Excellency, who spins from her grey cocoon the bright colours of liberty. With that silk, Sir, the stars of your exile, and the stripes of your suffering, she has sewed in a flag for our country.

[*Smiling.*]

—By your own orders, General!

WASHINGTON

Ah! I remember.

POLLY

[*Calling at the doorstep, left.*]

Betsy!—Betsy!

[*In the doorway appears the young Quakeress, carrying a furled banner. Seizing her gaily by the arm,* POLLY *brings her forward and presents her, with a curtsy.*]

Your Excellency and Gentlemen—Mistress Betsy Ross, and the first flag of the United States of America!

[*Unfurling the flag, Betsy steps shyly forward, extending it toward* WASHINGTON.

There, as the Stripes and thirteen Stars float out, the Bugler (QUILLOQUON) *blows on his bugle a joyous blast.*

(Tenth Transition)

The blast of the bugle dies away in utter darkness, through which the voice of QUILLOQUON *is heard singing, to an old ballad tune:*

QUILLOQUON

Oh!—I've lost my heart to Betsy,
to Betsy,
to Betsy!
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*Now, through a narrow opening of the blue curtains, only the flag, held by* Betsy, *is still visible, and the form of* Quilloquon *dancing before it with the two Children, who join in the refrain of the song:*]

Oh!—Because she sewed so neatly,
so neatly,
so neatly,
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*And now, in the background, the form of the Quakeress has disappeared, and the flag alone flutters like flame against the dark.*]

And—Wherever she waves so sweetly,
so sweetly,
so sweetly,
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

So—Carry me back to Betsy,
to Betsy,
to Betsy,
My heart that's lost
To Betsy Ross,

With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*A deep gun resounds.*
During its reverberations, the blue curtains close.]

THIRTEENTH ACTION

Now, from within, the thunder has become a noise as of distant battle—far shouts of men mingled with crashes and concussions.

During this, the blue curtains part again half way, revealing a night scene—an Embrasure in a Battery, behind which the background flickers with torchlight and smoky fire.

*Outlined against this—half his height above a black rampart—*WASHINGTON *stands, looking off, right. Near him, the flag with thirteen stars blows flame-like on a fierce wind.*

Lower down, head and shoulders visible—stands KNOX: *crouching lower in shadow—a* THIRD OFFICER.

Occasionally, all three Figures stand out for an instant in stark light, shot by gleams from breaking rockets beyond.

YORKTOWN

Through the battle noises their voices are heard speaking, between pauses of dumb watching.

KNOX

Yorktown is falling, General. Cornwallis is caught by pinchers of fire: Hamilton there from the right, LaFayette from the left—he's nabbed between 'em; and the French fleet blocks his road to the sea.

WASHINGTON

[*With tense calm.*]
My sons are fighting well.

KNOX

Rochambeau's men are yonder.—There's the second rocket. That's Hamilton's from his redoubt. The third will signal victory.

THE THIRD OFFICER

[*Leaping up beside* WASHINGTON.]
For God's sake, General, stand down! You'll be struck here. This place is too perilous.

WASHINGTON

[*Still looking off.*]
If you think so, Sir, you are at liberty to step back.

KNOX

[*To the Officer, as he partly withdraws.*]
Don't worry. Bullets bark at him; they never bite.

WASHINGTON

[*During a lull, tense and deeply.*]

Friend Knox—my sword itches.—How many years has it been?

KNOX

Six years we've been at it, General. Now—only a moment more!

WASHINGTON

One moment—and a thousand years!

KNOX

[*Points, shouting aloud.*]

See there—it breaks—the third rocket!

[*Grasping* Washington's *hand.*]

Huzza!

WASHINGTON

The work is done, and well done.—Bring me my horse.

[*Their silhouettes disappear.*]

(Eleventh Transition)

Amid a burst of far cheering, the curtains close, parting again half way, as the cheering ebbs and,

rising tumultuous again, merges with a bell's deep clanging.

To these sounds, The Town Crier (Quilloquon), *with his lantern pole, is glimpsed in passing as before, calling with long cry intoned.*

THE TOWN CRIER

Cornwallis is taken!—Yorktown is fallen!—Cornwallis is taken!

[The Crier *passes off in the night.*

The clanging of the bell grows fainter and ceases.]

FOURTEENTH ACTION

Part 1

From the moment's quiet that ensues, comes a low murmur of Men's Voices as in conversation.

In another pause, small pulsing lights are seen glowing, grouped in a semi-circle. The lights glow upward from the bowls of long-stemmed pipes, illumining fitfully the faces and forms of Men in Officers' uniforms, seated in a group, of whom One is sitting near the centre of their shadowy half-circle.

This one speaks first, the others in their turns speaking quietly, with voices of subdued emotion.

THE FIRST

Gentlemen, how shall we proceed?

ANOTHER

I move Colonel Nicola be our spokesman.

A THIRD

Second the motion.

OTHERS

[*Scatteredly.*]

Amen!

THE FIRST

[NICOLA]

Fellow officers, I am at your service. Being but a Colonel, I may serve the better as your errand-bearer. I have already dispatched our joint appeal by letter. I will wait upon him in person.

A FOURTH

It may be well, Colonel, for you to urge our several feelings. As for mine, if need be, I will gladly starve for my country—but not for Congress.

A FIFTH

I concur, General. Some gentlemen of the Congress have short memories. They forget a day when

they bolted bareback from the Capital, to the cat-calls of the enemy—an enemy whom we, not they, have beaten, and restored those honourable gentlemen to their seats at the Capital.

A SIXTH

Yet now they plan to disband us—penniless, bankrupt: no provision for our families, no reward for our soldiers: us—the army that wintered at Valley Forge. Seven years we have served, and now—disband us so, by God!

THE SECOND

Friends, we are not yet disbanded.

SEVERAL

No!

THE SECOND

We have our guns: our powder and shot are still dry.

SEVERAL

Yes—yes!

THE SECOND

Well, then, if we refuse to disband until we secure justice—who shall compel us to disband?—Congress?

THE SIXTH

[*Amid sinister murmurs.*]

Let 'em try it!

NICOLA

Gentlemen of the army, our argument goes deeper than that. We still hold the power—true; but none of us wishes to abuse it.

THE SIXTH

How abuse—?

NICOLA

Pray, General—one moment. Our wrongs are deep, intolerable. So, then, the redress of our wrongs must go as deep—deep to the roots of our form of government. A Republic—has one ever been tested? Rome teaches us how. Democracy—what people of the earth has followed that dream and survived? Gentlemen, let us be wise in our time. There is but one solution: Monarchy—and one man in supreme command.

[*The darkness buzzes with low mutterings.*
Then a pause of silence.
The glowing pipe-bowls pulse quicker.]

THE SECOND

[*Very quietly.*]

Aye, Sir,—one man. There is only one in America.

THE THIRD

We have sent him our letter. He is probably reading it now.

THE SIXTH

Rome, you said, Colonel. 'Twill be easier for him than for Cæsar. We offer him the crown in his tent —not in the forum.

THE SECOND

He'll not put it by—thrice.

NICOLA

[*Rising.*]

Fellow officers, he has our letter. He needs no other charger to hand him the blazoned crown.— Shall I go for our answer?

ALL

[*Rising.*]

Aye.

NICOLA

I'll return at once and inform you.

[*He pauses;—his voice quivers.*]

Gentlemen—long live the King!

ALL

[*Echoing, with deep murmur.*]

The King!

[Nicola *goes.*

The glowing lights pulse no longer.

Through the dark, very faintly, the strains of a violin rise and die away on the melody of "America," uncompleted.]

Part 2

And now, on the left, a single candle gleams visible. Its screened light is thrown only on the light-stand where it rests, and on the form of WASHINGTON, *seated beside it.*

From a case he takes out a pair of spectacles and puts them on.

From his pocket he takes a letter, opens it and reads.

While he does so, out of the darkness near him, there glows dimly upon the air a gleaming Crown, glimpsed with the misty stars and colours of the American flag.

After a moment, WASHINGTON *moves the letter in his right hand beyond the candle-light; with his left he puts off his spectacles, closing his eyes.*

Raising the letter with a silent gesture, he crumples it in his grasp—then lets it fall.

As it falls, the gleaming phasma of the Crown and Colours disappears, and the voice of BILLY *the Negro speaks from the darkness, right.*

BILLY

Colonel Nicola, Marse Ex'lency.

[WASHINGTON *moves slightly.*

Adjusting the shade of the candle, he looks up where NICOLA *steps into its light; then he looks away again.*]

NICOLA

[*After a pause.*]

A letter has preceded me, General.—You have read it?

WASHINGTON

[*Very quietly—still looking off.*]

Yes.

NICOLA

[*After another pause.*]

May I transmit your answer?

WASHINGTON

[*Slowly, looking up at him—intense.*]

Yes.

[*Rising, with deliberation, he walks silently back and forth twice. Pausing, then, he points to the crumpled letter on the floor, and says—with quiet.*]

There it is.

NICOLA

[*Hesitates—then picks it up.*]

Your answer, General?

WASHINGTON

Yes.

[Nicola *moves as if to speak—but stops—then is turning away, when* Washington *speaks again.*]

Wait!

[*He takes the letter from* NICOLA.]

Perhaps I should write a word in reply.

[*Going to the light-stand, he searches about for a moment, finds his spectacles, fumbles to put them on, but pauses—turning with a sad smile.*]

Nay, Sir,—you see! Those who sent you—tell them this:—I have grown both blind and grey in your service. I am your old friend. The wrongs you suffer, I will help redress them—but not with infamy. This letter is sick with thoughts abhorrent to mankind. No pang of all this war has ever pained me so deep. But no word of it shall pass my lips. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourselves or posterity, or respect for me—banish these thoughts from your minds—as I burn them now from my sight.

[*Holding the letter in the candle-flame, he watches it burn to ashes.*]

NICOLA

[*Saluting, speaks hoarsely.*]

I will take your answer, General.

[*Turning, he goes off.*

WASHINGTON *stands a moment—his head bent heavily, his shoulders sagged and heaving.*

Then, moving slowly to the chair, he sits, with the action and look of old age. Fingering his

spectacles, he stares at them—his lips whispering. Then he calls, low:]

WASHINGTON

Billy!

[BILLY *comes from the shadow, and stands near.* WASHINGTON *looks up at him—wistful.*]
Any word from home?

BILLY

No, Marse Ex'lency.

WASHINGTON

[*After a moment.*]
Billy—fetch another light. My candle is growing dim.

[BILLY *goes out with the candle. In the darkness, there is silence.*]

(Twelfth Transition)

Now—far away—deep, choral Voices begin to sing; and while the recurrent words of their negro melody increase in nearness to the ear, the familiar outlines of its former Scene recur once more to the eye.

THE CHORAL VOICES

Adam and Eba, wipe yo' eyes,
'T ain't no good fo' ter gaze at de garden:
Closed is de do's ob Paradise;
'T ain't no good fo' ter axe no pardon.

Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?
Eden home is far away.—
Oh, nebber mind!
I'll lay my heart down
Down in de lap ob ol' Virgin-ee-ay!

FIFTEENTH ACTION

From the ceasing refrain, a hubbub of gay voices now rises in talk and banter—voices of Negroes calling "Merry Christmas!" through the colonnade and kitchen door of the Mt. Vernon homestead, now becoming visible—its small-paned windows glowing bright from lamps within—while, through the arches, the flare of bon-fires flickers. The conversation of two stooping Figures—an Old Man *and an* Old Woman*—sounds clearest.*

The Man

Sho, sho, Mammy Sal! De fust-off singin' ob Chris'mas Ebe—I reckon dat was ol' Eba singin' to her chilluns in de garden.

THE WOMAN

Go 'long, Zekiel, you's a-failin' fas'. Chris'mas Ebe, dat ain't Ol' Tes'ament psalms: dat's Noo Tes'ament gospel.

Chris'mas Ebe—dat's de cow-shep'erds' song-hymn, w'en de Lo'd he come fust like a chil' in de ol' folkses' home, an' dey done tuck 'im in de manger.

ZEKIEL

Mebbe so, Mammy. Us a-bof we's fas' slidin' down-hill. But de bon-fires am a-burnin'; an' *Merry Chris'mas* I sings all de same!

MAMMY SAL

All de *samer*, you better be singin'!—An' yere Marse George home agin! Marse George come a-home to his ol' Bride Missy—bof togedder once mo' —safe togedder as was sunder'd—an' de little gran'-chilluns growin' spicky-span noo, by de long-ago chimbley!

[*The house door opens.*

From within come the sounds of fiddling and laughter and the sweet voice of a Woman, who appears in the doorway, smiling under the white cap of Martha Washington, *as she speaks to a little* Boy *and* Girl *on the threshold.*]

MARTHA

All right, children—outdoors with you, just a minute.

[*Pinching the* BOY'S *ear.*]

Then back in, Sir, quick—or Jack Frost will nip his namesake.

Here: wait! Your Grandma will sniff the air, too, and bring her goodman along.—George! They want to see the bon-fires. Come out.

[*Turning to the looming form of* WASHINGTON *behind her, she takes his arm, leaning on it as she comes out with him down the door-steps, preceded by the two Children, who run ahead of them, looking off at the bon-fires.*

Where they pause, the shaft of light through the doorway gleams on the grey locks and time-scarred features of WASHINGTON, *as he looks down at* MARTHA, *and speaks—with deep breath of gladness.*]

WASHINGTON

Home, Patsy!—home and peace!

MARTHA

Never again—war.

WASHINGTON

Would to God it might be *never*, and that plague of mankind banished from our earth for always! What grudgers and graspers covet the world, as if it were not room enough for all to keep house in happily!

MARTHA

[*Twitching his arm, smiles up at him.*]
Here's one housekeeper happy.

WASHINGTON

[*Smiling back.*]
Nay,—two!

MARTHA

[*Pointing to the Children, who come running toward them.*]
And a fresh start—all round. See! Now we begin all over again.

WASHINGTON

[*Greeting the Children.*]
Well, brother and sister!
[*Taking the* Boy's *hand.*]
Another young Jack—for his dear father, dead!

MARTHA

[*Fondling the* Girl.]
And here's Nellie Custis—for little Patsy, long ago.

WASHINGTON

Old bark—new branches!
[*To the* Boy, *who tugs at his sword, murmuring.*]
Heigh, Jack? You want my sword?—Here, Patsy, unbuckle what Sergeant Pat buckled on.

[MARTHA *ungirdles his sword, which they both hand to the* BOY.]

Take it, laddie: but hearkee! Never use it—to show off to your sister!

MARTHA

[*With a scurrying gesture.*]

Run in quick, to the fireplace!

[*Carrying the sword with its girdle, the* BOY *runs in with the little* GIRL.

From the kitchen door, MAMMY SAL *has come forward, followed farther off by* ZEKIEL. *White-haired and stooped, she reaches her arms —trembling—to* WASHINGTON, *and clutches him silently.*

Turning quickly, WASHINGTON *caresses the old Woman's shoulders with his arm.*]

WASHINGTON

You, Mammy Sal?—Merry Christmas!

MAMMY SAL

[*Clutching him tighter.*]

Marse George—Marse George!

[*Releasing him, she looks in his face.*]

Ain't no mo' fo' ter say: jes' on'y—Marse George!

[*Sobbing low, she turns away and hobbles back toward the kitchen, met on the way by*

ZEKIEL, to whom WASHINGTON *waves a hearty gesture.*]

WASHINGTON

Howdy, Zekiel!

ZEKIEL

Howdy, Massa!

[*Taking* MAMMY SAL *by the arm, the old Negro leads her in to the kitchen.*

Looking after them, WASHINGTON *clutches his hand, biting at its edge; then, turning, he speaks to* MARTHA.]

WASHINGTON

No more, Patsy—henceforward, no more *masters!* There must be only free people—under these stars! For me and mine—I've willed it.

[*From the house comes a shout of young Voices.*]

MARTHA

They are calling us, George—the children.

WASHINGTON

[*His brow clearing.*]

We'll join them.

[*On the doorstep, he stops beside* MARTHA—*makes a wondering gesture, and murmurs:*]

All over again! Here, on this doorstep—listen! Do you hear that sound?

MARTHA

Aye—neighbours coming to welcome you home. 'Tis sleigh-bells, my dear.

WASHINGTON

To me—*not* sleigh-bells, my dear. Brother Lawrence, he heard 'em—long ago. To me—'tis frogs, —frogs piping.

MARTHA

[*With a little laugh.*]

On Christmas Eve—frogs piping!

WASHINGTON

In the swamp. [*With a youthful gusto.*]—Ha! Now we can get back on the real job, and this time we'll finish it. This time, Pats,—we will drain that swamp!

[*To a fresh burst of clear Voices and the notes of a Fiddler, seen within through the doorway, they go in to the house.*

The door closes.]

(Thirteenth Transition)

The fiddle still plays—the tune of Bangry Rewy. *Now it seems to play farther off, and the lighted win-*

dows grow paler, as a growing brightness out of doors increases to the full light of day, passing to the colours of approaching sunset.

With the tune of his song's refrain, the Fiddler (QUILLOQUON) *peers through the colonnade, from the right background. There, followed by the peeping Children, he comes out and stops playing, as they sit together, shadowed, in the foreground.*

EPILOGUE

SIXTEENTH ACTION

(Recession)

As the notes of the fiddle stop, there sounds—from beyond the colonnade—the music of a band playing in medley the national airs of the Allies, while along the path, left, now enter, walking slowly, two Civilians[1] *in modern garb.*

Pensively they speak to each other, as the music sounds ever nearer.

ONE

They are coming from the tomb.

THE OTHER

No, from the temple.

[1] The Fourth Civilian and Second Civilian of the Prologue.

THE FIRST

All the allies of freedom sent their tributes.

THE SECOND

George of England sent England's laurel.

THE FIRST

Did you see young LaFayette? A kinsman, they say.

THE SECOND

A great-grandson.—We live dreams. Freedom's ancestors do not die. They unite with posterity—'to form a more perfect union.'

THE FIRST

Our Alliance!

THE SECOND

More than that: Liberty organic: our Declaration of Interdependence—our World-League. Listen—that music!

THE FIRST

Time is mingling our national airs today.

THE SECOND

Time does more at Mt. Vernon. We shall hear it —tomorrow.

THE FIRST

Hear what?

THE SECOND

One choral song for all.

THE FIRST

The old Marseillaise?

THE SECOND

A new one: the will-song of a world: the will that wrought through *him*, who still leads us on.

THE FIRST

The man who made us.—Tell me; you're an artist: that will—shall we *see* it, too,—made visible—a face behind the folk-song?

THE SECOND

Who can tell? Millions die for it—but still its face is cowled from us.

[Through the colonnade, to the medley of their national airs, flags of the Allied Nations begin to be visible.

Watching, the two draw back on the left, where they disappear.

Through the arches, the sky in the background glows now with the sunset's red, deepening in intensity with the martial music, which heralds from outside the unfurled colours of the flags as they enter.

These, as they mass with their bearers, leave

still vacant the central archway, on either side of which, the American, the British (on the right), the French, the Italian (on the left),—these, grouped with the Belgian, the Serbian, Polish, Greek, Portuguese, the Chinese Republic, Japanese, Brazilian, Cuban, and the other banners of the Allies,—blazon in massed splendour the curve of the colonnade.

Now the airs in medley cease, with one moment of silence.

The central arch fills with a clear wine of crimson.

And now, to fiery burst of the Marseillaise, the wine-light clouds with gules of a RED-ROBED FORM*—a vast, majestic* PRESENCE*, its face hidden in deep Cowl—burning at the centre of the many-dyed banners of the nations.*

Across this glowing pageant, the blue curtains sweep and close—while, abruptly, the flaring music ceases.

[*Finale*]

Outside—in the shock of silence—seated where the curtains conjoin, QUILLOQUON *lifts his dulcimer and smiles at the* CHILDREN *beside him.*

Very quietly, he begins to play and sing to his lulling accompaniment.]

QUILLOQUON

There was a little ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the *Golden Libertee,*
As she sailed in the Low-de-lands low.—

[*From above, the outer curtain—slowly falling—begins to shut off the three* FIGURES.]

The red, red hearts were burning her golden decks aboard,
Her Captain he was standing where cloudy eagles soared—

The Curtain Has Fallen

FINIS

APPENDIX

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COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

CONCERNING

HISTORICAL REFERENCES

If he has read the *Prelude* of this play, the proverbial Gentle Reader will hardly expect an exhaustive bibliography in the Appendix. I shall, at least, feel free to compile none.

It is enough perhaps to say here that, though it has not at all been my aim to write an historical or "costume" play in the usual sense, I have naturally immersed myself in my subject in order to express it; and in doing so, I have never consciously ignored the "facts" of history, but I have nowhere used them for their own sakes merely. A few minor inconsistencies of time and place (needful to dramatic epitomizing) will be obvious to the informed who may look for them.

In the dialogue I have used in rare instances the actual words of Washington and other persons of history, but these are not indicated in the text. Longer selections from original sources, however, are indicated by 'single quotation marks,' which throughout the book always indicate excerpts from historical documents.

Of such are the excerpts from "The First Book of the American Chronicles of the Times" [1] (a document of 1774–'75, written, perhaps, by Francis Hopkinson) in the Sixth Action; from Tom Paine's "The Crisis" [2] and "Common-

[1] See "The Literary History of the American Revolution," by Moses Coit Tyler (Putnam's, 1898), Volume I, pages 257–265, 175, 252: a work unique and admirable.

[2] See "The Life of Thomas Paine," by Moncure D. Conway, page 86.

sense" in the Ninth Action; from Philip Frenau's "Crispin O'Connor's Answer" [1] ('They taxed my sun,' etc.) in the Sixth Action; and from "The St. James Chronicle" [1] ('O Boston wives and maids,' etc.) in the Sixth Action.

To those Actions of my play which treat of Mt. Vernon, one book has contributed so much of appealing suggestion that I wish every reader of this might be led to its graciously engaging pages. Paul Wilstach's "Mt. Vernon" (Doubleday Page, 1916) is the book—an endearing story of the most endeared homestead in the world.

THE THEME

A hundred varied plays are potential in the great theme of *Washington,* yet strangely this play, so far as I know, is the first one [2] written for professional production, which aims to portray Washington himself as its chief central character.

Today, Washington—dead—is for most people a figure remote, statuesque, dignified, cold, almost mythical; one to be revered, but not warmly loved. But in his own day —alive—he was a magnetic human being, passionate, patient, resourceful—a rugged personality, lovable and greatly beloved.

It has been, then, my aim so to portray him in his strong prime, with truth to reality, that we of today (and especially our young men of America, fighting today for what he fought for) may be led to feel a more intimate affection for "the man who made us," and for the still contemporary cause which he espoused for mankind.

[1] See Volume by Tyler, pages mentioned in Footnote on Page 283.

[2] Since the announcement of the production of this play by Arthur Hopkins, my friend Augustus Thomas has told me that an early play of his, entitled "Col. George of Mt. Vernon," was performed for a week at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston.

THE BALLADS

For the ballads in this play I am highly indebted to the suggestiveness inherent in a recent, important volume, "English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians" by Cecil Sharp and Olive Dame Campbell, published by Putnam's, New York.

To Mr. Sharp's masterly work as a scholar in folk-song and folk-dance the art of the theatre has before now been debtor. In the book just mentioned, he has personally collected, from natives of our southern mountains, an astonishing wealth of ballad material.

To American men of letters it comes as an inspiring discovery, and offers a creative potentiality today such as the first publication of *Percy's Reliques* must have presented to English poets and writers of an earlier century.

Similarly, I think Mr. Sharp may feel the satisfaction that his great and painstaking labours hold promise of a fertile and varied reworking in creative American literature for years to come.

In writing the ballads here presented I have allowed myself the same liberty which Robert Burns and other ballad-writers of other times have permitted themselves—the liberty of writing new words to old folk-tunes and old refrains, in the spirit of these.

Of the play's ballads nearly all are written to be sung to the traditional tunes of the Appalachian Mountains as collected in the volume mentioned; one only ("The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies" [1]) is verbatim an old English ballad—one recently made familiar to Americans by the unrivalled simplicity and charm of the Fuller Sisters' singing.

"Gypsy Davy came over the sea" [2] is the first line of a dif-

[1] See the Fuller Sisters' broadsides, H. W. Gray Co., New York.
[2] The first stanza and refrain of the version of this ballad as given

ferent but related ballad which I first heard sung by a New Hampshire native and neighbour at Cornish, N. H., Mr. H. B. Jordan, whose memory is rich with speech and lore racy of our Yankee soil.

The first lines of the Appalachian ballads, for the tunes of which my own ballads have been written, are indicated in parentheses, as follows:[1]

"There was a little ship in the North Amerikee" (same first line: page 143, B); "Bangry Rewy acourting did ride" (same first line: page 28, A); "There was a young fellow who followed the plough" ("There was an old man who followed the plough:" page 139, A); "There were some boys on Bunker's hill" ("There is a wild boar in this wood:" page 28, B); "A fighter would a-fiddling go" ("A keeper would a-hunting go."[2])

"She leaned herself against a thorn" (same first line: page 31, E); "Oh! I've lost my heart to Betsy" ("Oh! There came a Duke a-riding."[2]).

The Chorus of the Liberty Boys, in the Sixth Action, is based on an American song of the Revolution[3] for which no music of that time has been found in the archives.

me by Mr. Jordan (the music to which will shortly be published with that of the other ballads in this play) are as follows:

"Gypsy Davy came over the sea,
The song he sang so boldly,—
A-sitting under the green wood tree
A-charming the heart of my-lady."

"Reattle-attle, dingo-dingo-dingo,
Reattle-attle, dingo-daisy!
A-sitting under the green wood tree,
A-charming the heart of my-lady."

[1] The page references in parentheses are to Sharp and Campbell's "English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians," Putnams, 1917.

[2] See the Fuller Sisters' broadsides, H. W. Gray Co., New York.

[3] "A New Song to an Old Tune," written 1775, between the dates of Lexington and Bunker Hill: See Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution," Vol. I, page 257.

Of "Adam and Eba," the choral song of the negroes in the Fourth Transition,—the words and melody are the author's. "I know my robe," etc., chanted by Mammy Sal, in the Third Action, is an old familiar Negro hymn.

Numerous versions of the words of "Yankee Doodle" are traditional, and, of these, two in part are used in the Eighth Action. Originally a country-dance song, it is here (perhaps for the first time) revived in its original use, to the accompaniment of country-dancing.

THE "BALLAD-PLAY" STRUCTURE

The Two Versions

So much, then, for the ballads of my play: but why a "ballad-play"? This is, I think, the first by that name, and being also probably the first in its kind, that special designation may have its usefulness.

In the Preface I have mentioned two versions of the play: its Theatre Version as it will be produced this season, in our present-day theatre, with abbreviated text, and what I may call its Festival Version—as here published, unabridged, in book form.

Every working dramatist and producer knows his "version with cuts"—usually the result of strenuous rehearsals in the theatre, before the first night and during some days after. His original longer version may perhaps be published for so-called "literary" reasons, but has otherwise no further *raison d'être* or definite practical usefulness.

The present text of "Washington" is not such a longer version, nor is its text as produced this season such a "version with cuts."

From its inception, I have had always in mind its two definite versions—one (the briefer), designed to be prac-

tical for well known conditions of our theatre today, one (the longer) designed to be practical for less well known conditions of our theatre tomorrow—the distinct signs and characteristics of which have been steadily borne in upon my own experience during the last seven or eight years of experiment and demonstration in the field of community drama.

Both versions, however, could hardly have been structurally fused from the start, were it not for the auspicious fact that already our commercial theatre of today is ready for the beginnings of a new-theatre technique within its own walls, through the work of a few pioneering artists evolved there. Without the discovering vision of Gordon Craig, this new art—born of the theatre—might not yet have been released for the world, without Robert Edmond Jones and a very few others, it would not now be instrumental for America. In inventing, therefore, a certain structure for this play, I have, I think, been enabled—by an art evolved and still evolving—to design definitely for both today and tomorrow.

To treat specifically the many aspects of this great opportunity would require a lengthy essay, here out of place. But, since critical interpreters are habitually more slow than creative workers to detect and illuminate things very important potentially, it may be useful for me to touch upon my meaning as regards this play, briefly, in two or three aspects of it.

The basic requirement of the community theatre is expression—expression varied to its maximum to include expressional opportunity for the largest number of individual participants practicable.

The basic requirement of the commercial theatre is just the opposite—expression concentrated to its minimum, to include only the kind of expressional opportunity, within

range of the fewest needful actors, and proportioned to their salaries for competence or reputation.

To solve these diametrically opposed requirements becomes, then, the problem and function of a dramatist who seeks to bring the practical beginnings of community (or "festival" [1]) drama and theatre into being, under present-day conditions of the commercial theatre itself.

For community necessities, his play should have the maximum number of characters, with maximum opportunity for expression; for commercial necessities—the minimum of these.

Having both these kinds of necessity as objects, my play "Washington" has—for *festival theatre* purposes—a maximum number and variety of acting rôles for community participants within its necessary time-scope; while—for *commercial theatre* purposes—it arranges the distribution of these rôles so that they may be enacted by the minimum number of professional actors.

Thus a total of one hundred speaking characters (actable by one hundred community participants) may be acted by a company of twenty-nine professionals, inclusive of two children, who do not speak. (Reference to the accompanying lists of Characters and Acting Rôles—Individuals and "Doubles"—will make this specifically clearer.)

This implies, of course, on the part of acting professionals, an artistic desire (not too wide-spread in the profession at present) for variety of opportunity in their acting, because of necessity most of them must "double," and some of them several times, during one night's performance; but the number of such artist professionals is larger, I think, than generally supposed, and for such artists, a structure like this of "Washington" presents to the smaller-part actor an even-

[1] The Greek, as all ancient drama, was the "festival" drama of communities.

ing's repertory of parts more comprehensive of his talents than any of the single big-part actors (save perhaps one or two) possesses.

But there is another needful function which the structure of such a play must perform for festival purposes. Those purposes are best served in communities by assigning structural portions of the festival unit to separate groups—groups often located necessarily in places distant from one another —for this assignment greatly facilitates not only the practicability and expertness of local rehearsals, but also the social entente of neighbourhood team work, which is a fundamental community object. It vastly enhances, moreover, the organic beauty of the ensemble festival, which is the harmony of its parts.

With this function in view, then, "Washington" comprises (besides its fourteen Transitions) sixteen Actions, twelve at least of which are separate dramatic entities, capable of separate rehearsal and performance, while remaining harmoniously related to the structural whole in festival production.

For purposes of the commercial theatre, however, this total structure has not to be weakened by "cuts" in the organic parts. Abridgment is, of course, needful, but—by conceiving the two distinct requirements clearly—the solution of both may be wrought out from the start. That, at least, has seemed to me the only craftsmanly way of tackling the job to be done.

The Transitions

The above mentioned solution, in the case of "Washington," is brought nearer by the functional device of the Transitions, whereby an on-flowing continuity and variety of action (with no heavy sets of the old régime to impede it) enables the dramatist (like the sculptor) to project a mani-

fold frieze of figures structurally related, and leads to a large new freedom in his art, akin to that of the Elizabethan technique, but (thanks to our modern art of lighting) without the starkness of that.

Into these Transitions, Quilloquon—the singer and dancer of ballads—introduces an opportunity in the new, growing movement of our native poetry, filled with fresh avenues as yet hardly trod or explored. In a single play, these fresh paths can only be hinted; but whether by that name or not, this first experiment in the "ballad-play" is sure, I think, to be followed up and perfected by the many young minds whose rich promise is expressing itself in American poetry and dance and music today. To them, and to the great people from whom they are steadily emerging—far more than to literary recorders—I submit what is creatively potential in this first attempt.

They also may see in this play the beginnings of an art which, not excluding the *nuances* of rhythmic sound, is related through light to unexplored uses of the motion picture; and they may also detect the suggestion of new functions in dramatic art for what I may term a motivated vaudeville form.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton (grandson of Alexander Hamilton) of Great Barrington, Mass.; H. Barrett Learned, of Washington, D. C.; C. K. Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum; Frank H. Chase, of the Boston Public Library; and to Katharine and Helen Sumner, of Washington—I am indebted for various kind offices helpful to the writing of this play.

WASHINGTON

The Man Who Made Us

A BALLAD-PLAY

in a

PROLOGUE, THREE ACTS, AND EPILOGUE

Comprising

SIXTEEN ACTIONS AND *FOURTEEN TRANSITIONS*

as follows:

Prologue:	Action 1 (*Prelude*)
	Action 2 (Induction)
ACT I.:	Actions 3 to 5 (incl.)
	Transitions 1 to 4
ACT II.:	Actions 6 to 9
	Transitions 5 to 7
ACT III.:	Actions 10 to 15
	Transitions 8 to 13
Epilogue:	Action 16 (Recession)
	Transition 14 (*Finale*)

THE ACTIONS AND *TRANSITIONS*

Comprise the following

SCENES AND CHARACTERS

with

Place and Time

in the order of their sequence:

(Note: The numbers and letters, which stand before the names below, indicate the Acting Rôles, which are listed on Pages 305–308.)

Prologue.— FIRST ACTION

(*Prelude*)

SCENE: In the Playhouse—before and behind the Curtains.

PLACE AND TIME: Of the Performance.
CHARACTERS: 10 men.—[1] Total: 10 men.

a. *A LITTLE BOY* } Mute
b. *A LITTLE GIRL* }
1. *QUILLOQUON*
(E) THE COMIC MASK
(F) THE TRAGIC MASK
A. THE THEATRE
c. THE PRESENCE (Mute)
THE INHIBITORS (Seven of whom speak)

[1] In the totals given, *Quilloquon*, *the Two Children*, the Presence, and Washington are not included.

C. The Seventh Inhibitor
E. " Sixth
F. " Fifth
G. " Fourth
H. " Third
I. " Second
J. " First

FIRST TRANSITION

Ballad: "The Golden Libertee"
Quilloquon—sings, to dulcimer
Children—mute

SECOND ACTION

(Induction)

SCENE: Exterior: House, Colonnade and Kitchen of Washington's Mansion.
PLACE AND TIME: Mt. Vernon, Virginia, at about the Present Time.
CHARACTERS: 8 men, 2 women.—Total: 18 men, 2 women.

1. (*Quilloquon*)
a, b. (*The Two Children*)
G. A SOLDIER IN KHAKI
F. FIRST CIVILIAN
D. SECOND CIVILIAN
C. THIRD CIVILIAN
H. A SOLDIER IN LIGHT-BLUE
B. FOURTH CIVILIAN
I. AN ITALIAN OFFICER
J. A BRITISH OFFICER
(9) AN ELDERLY WOMAN
(10) A YOUNGER WOMAN

SECOND TRANSITION

Melody: "America"
Quilloquon—plays fiddle
Children—mute

Act. I. THIRD ACTION

SCENE: The Same.
TIME: about 1750.
CHARACTERS: 4 men, 2 women.—Total: men, 4 women.

1. (*Quilloquon*)
a, b. (*The Two Children*)
5. LORD FAIRFAX
I. LAWRENCE WASHINGTON
11. MAMMY SAL
J. JACOB VAN BRAMM
C. ADJUTANT MUSE
9. MARY WASHINGTON
2. GEORGE WASHINGTON

THIRD TRANSITION

Piping of Frogs
Quilloquon—plays flute
Ballad: "Bangry Rewy"
Quilloquon—sings, to fifing

FOURTH ACTION

SCENE: The Same.
TIME: about 1756.
CHARACTERS: 6 men, 3 women.—Total: 28 men, 7 women.

1. (*Quilloquon*)

12. SALLY FAIRFAX
13. ANN SPEARING
14. ELIZABETH DENT
F. BISHOP
D. HUMPHREY KNIGHT
B. WILLIAM POOLE
Negroes (Mute)
E. CAPT. JOHN POSEY
2. COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON
8. ZEKIEL
G. A COLONIAL OFFICER

FOURTH TRANSITION

Melody: "Bangry Rewy"
Quilloquon—plays fiddle
Plantation Song: "Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?"
Voices of Negroes—sing, to thrumming

FIFTH ACTION

SCENE: The Same.
TIME: May, 1759.
CHARACTERS: 3 men, 2 women.—Total 31 men, 9 women. Recurrent: 2 men, 1 woman.

11. MAMMY SAL
8. ZEKIEL
Wedding Guests
E. CAPT. JOHN POSEY
10. MARTHA WASHINGTON
2. COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON
b. (Patty Custis)
a. (Jack Custis) *The Two Children*
1. (A Fiddler)—*Quilloquon*

SIXTH ACTION

Act II. SCENE: Exterior—Before the Doorway of King's College: Night

PLACE AND TIME: New York, 1775.

CHARACTERS: 13 men.—Total 44 men, 9 women.

Liberty Boys who sing and shout

Voices (Ten speak)

1. A Hawker of Ballads—*Quilloquon*

D. LEADER OF THE CROWD

I. MYLES COOPER

3. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

FIFTH TRANSITION

Ballad: "Bands and Rebels"

Quilloquon (Ballad-Hawker)—sings and dances

Children—dance, with him

SEVENTH ACTION

SCENE: Same as Act I: day.

PLACE AND TIME: Mt. Vernon, 1775.

CHARACTERS: 4 men, 2 women.—Total: 48 men, 11 women. Recurrent: 1 man, 1 woman.

2. COL. WASHINGTON

10. MARTHA WASHINGTON

11. MAMMY SAL

G. JACK CUSTIS

7. BILLY

H. PATRICK HENRY

5. LORD FAIRFAX

1. (Fifer—*Quilloquon*)

a. (Drummer—*The Boy*)
b. (Fiddler—*The Girl*)

SIXTH TRANSITION

Tune: "Bands and Rebels"
Quilloquon (Fifer)—fifes
The Boy—drums
The Girl—fiddles
Ballad: "Bunker's Hill"
Quilloquon—sings
Children—mute
Tune: "Yankee Doodle"
Quilloquon—fiddles
The Boy—drums
The Girl—fifes

EIGHTH ACTION

SCENE: Exterior: Between Massachusetts and Harvard Halls: day.
PLACE AND TIME: Cambridge, late summer of 1775.
CHARACTERS: 15 men.—Total: 63 men, 11 women. Recurrent: 1 man.

Soldiers
Students
Girls

1. (Yankee Doodle—*Quilloquon*)
a. (Hobby-Lion—*the Boy*)
b. (Hobby-Unicorn—*the Girl*)
I. CHAPLAIN EMERSON
3 Students
2 Soldiers
6. COL. HENRY KNOX

Marblehead "Johnnies" (4 of whom speak)
Virginian "Jinnies"
C. LEADER OF "JINNIES"
F. LEADER OF "JOHNNIES"
2. GENERAL WASHINGTON
7. BILLY
J. SELECTMAN
Two other Selectmen
1. (Grindstone-Man—*Quilloquon*)
a, b. (Two Children, bearing axes—*the Boy and the Girl*)

SEVENTH TRANSITION

Part 1.

Ballad: "Axes to Grind"
Quilloquon (Grindstone man)—sings, and treadles
Children—Mute

Part 2.

Church-bell and chimes

Rhythmic Voices—chant beginning of Declaration of Independence
Quilloquon (*Town Crier*)—intones and speaks

Part 3

Tune: "Raggle-Taggle Gypsies"
Quilloquon (unseen)—fiddles
Ballad: "Raggle-Taggle Gypsies"
Quilloquon (*Gypsy and Lord*)—sings, and mimes
Children (*Gypsies, Servant and Lady*)—sing, and mime
A Man's Voice—sings, and speaks.

NINTH ACTION

SCENE: Exterior—An opening amid snow-laden woods: gusty moonlight.
PLACE AND TIME: By the Delaware River, above Trenton: Christmas night, 1776.
CHARACTERS: 3 men. Total: 66 men, 11 women. Recurrent: 1 man.

B. THOMAS PAINE
J. LIEUT. JAMES MONROE
2. WASHINGTON
3. HAMILTON
(The Sound of a Flute—*Quilloquon's*)
Voices of Men

ACT III. TENTH ACTION

SCENE: In a scene-loft
PLACE AND TIME: At the Old South Theatre, Philadelphia: winter of 1778.
CHARACTERS: 3 men, 2 women.—Total: 69 men, 13 women

1. (A Scene-Shifter—*Quilloquon*)
a, b. (Two Children with Paint-Pots—*the Boy and the Girl*)
A. CAPTAIN JOHN ANDRÉ
C. GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HOWE
F. GENERAL KNYPHAUSEN
15. POLLY REDMOND
16. BETSY ROSS

EIGHTH TRANSITION

Ballad: "Down by the Cold Hill-Sidey."
Quilloquon—sings, to dulcimer

ELEVENTH ACTION

SCENE: Interior of Washington's tent: stormy daylight
PLACE AND TIME: Valley Forge, winter of 1778
CHARACTERS: 11 men.—Total: 80 men, 13 women. Recurrent: 3 men

3. HAMILTON
B. THOMAS PAINE
Soldiers, in harness
THREE SOLDIERS (who speak)
E. The First
J. The Second
(H). The Third
2. WASHINGTON
H. A DOCTOR
7. BILLY
I. BARON VON STEUBEN
G. COUNT PULASKI
D. A SENTINEL
4. MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE
1. (A Postboy—*Quilloquon*)

NINTH TRANSITION

Ballad: "Gypsy Davy"
Quilloquon—sings, to thrummed strings

TWELFTH ACTION

SCENE: A triumphal Archway
PLACE AND TIME: Philadelphia—Spring of 1778
CHARACTERS: 6 men, 2 women—Total: 86 men, 15 women. Recurrent: 2 men, 2 women

1. (A Ragged Singer—*Quilloquon*)
A. "A KNIGHT" (CAPTAIN ANDRÉ)
15. "A LADY" (POLLY REDMOND)
3 Soldiers
1. (A Bugler—*Quilloquon*)
2. WASHINGTON
4. LA FAYETTE
E. President Laurens
3. Hamilton
Officers
Civilians
16. Betsy Ross

TENTH TRANSITION

Ballad: "Betsy Ross"

Quilloquon—sings, and dances.
The Children—sing refrain and dance with him

THIRTEENTH ACTION

SCENE: An Embrasure in a Battery: Night.
PLACE AND TIME: Outside the defences of Yorktown, October, 1781
CHARACTERS: 2 men.—Total: 88 men, 15 women. Recurrent: 1 man.

2. WASHINGTON
6. GENERAL HENRY KNOX
D. AN OFFICER

ELEVENTH TRANSITION

A Bell's deep clanging

The Town Crier (*Quilloquon*)—cries the fall of Yorktown.

FOURTEENTH ACTION

Part I.

SCENE: A shadowy semi-circle
TIME: May, 1782.
CHARACTERS: 6 men.—Total: 94 men, 15 women.

G. AN OFFICER (NICOLA)
FIVE OTHER OFFICERS
H. The Second
D. The Third
E. The Fourth
F. The Fifth
I. The Sixth
Voices of Several More

Part II.

SCENE: A seat by a light-stand
TIME: May, 1782.
CHARACTERS: 2 men.—Total: 96 men, 15 women. Recurrent: 2 men.

2. WASHINGTON
7. BILLY
G. COL. NICOLA

TWELFTH TRANSITION

Plantation Melody: "Oh, whar'll I lay my heart down?"
Choral Voices of Negroes—sing, to thrummed instruments

FIFTEENTH ACTION

SCENE: same as Act I: Night
PLACE AND TIME: Mt. Vernon, Christmas Eve, 1783

CHARACTERS: 1 man, 2 women.—Total: 97 men, 17 women. Recurrent: 1 man, 2 women.

8. ZEKIEL
11. MAMMY SAL
10. MARTHA WASHINGTON
2. WASHINGTON
a. Jack Parke Custis (*the Boy*)
b. Nellie Custis (*the Girl*)
1. A Fiddler (*Quilloquon*)

THIRTEENTH TRANSITION

Tune: "Bangry Rewy"

The Fiddler (*Quilloquon*)—plays and mimes
The Two Children—are mute, and mime.

Epilogue.— SIXTEENTH ACTION

(Recession)

SCENE: The Same: Approaching sunset.
PLACE AND TIME: Mt. Vernon, about the Present Time.
CHARACTERS: 2 men.—Total: 99 men, 17 women. Recurrent: 2 men.

Total of recurrent: 14 men, 6 women.
Total of speaking parts: 85 men, 11 women.
Total of men and women = 96 parts.[1]

TWO CIVILIANS
B. The First
D. The Second
1. (*Quilloquon*)

[1] Plus the parts of *Washington, Quilloquon* and *the Two Children* = 100 parts.

a, b. (*The Two Children*)
c. The Presence
Bearers of the Banners of the Allies

FOURTEENTH TRANSITION

(*Finale*)

Ballad: "The Golden Libertee"
Quilloquon—sings, to dulcimer
The Two Children—are mute.

ACTING RÔLES

Note: Various combinations in doubling rôles are, of course, feasible. The combinations here given are suggested as being perhaps the most appropriate and practicable. They provide for a company of twenty-nine persons (19 men, 8 women, 1 boy and 1 girl), of whom nineteen [1] enact Individual Rôles (1 to 16 and a, b) and ten enact Doubling Rôles (A to J. incl.), as follows::

INDIVIDUAL RÔLES

(Men and Women)

— 16 —

Men	*Women*
1. Quilloquon [1]	[2] 9. Mary Washington
2. Washington	[3] 10. Martha Washington
3. Alexander Hamilton	11. Mammy Sal
4. LaFayette	12. Sally Fairfax
5. Lord Fairfax	13. Anne Spearing
6. Henry Knox	14. Elizabeth Dent
7. Billy	15. Polly Redmond
8. Zekiel	16. Betsy Ross

[1] One of these nineteen, Quilloquon, assumes fantastically twelve rôles of pantomime or singing.
[2] Also acts the Elderly Woman in the Induction.
[3] Also acts the Younger Woman in the Induction.

(Children)

— 2 —

a. The Boy
(Jack Custis: 5th Action
Drummer: 7th Action
Hobby-Lion: 8th Action
Ax-bearer: 8th Action
Gypsy: 7th Transition (Part 3)
Paint-pot Holder: 10th Action
Jack Parke Custis: 15th Action)

b. The Girl
(Patty Custis: 5th Action
Fiddler: 7th Action
Hobby-Unicorn: 8th Action
Ax-bearer: 8th Action
Gypsy: 7th Transition (Part 3)
Paint-pot Holder: 10th Action
Nellie Custis: 15th Action)

(Mute)

— 1 man —

c. The Presence

DOUBLING RÔLES

— 10 men —

1. (*Quilloquon*)

Fiddler	Fifth Action	Act I.)
Hawker of Ballads	Sixth Action	(Act II.)
Fifer	Seventh Action	(Act II.)
Yankee Doodle	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
Grindstone-Man	"	(Act II.)
Town-Crier	Seventh Transition Part 2	(Act II.)
Gypsy	Seventh Transition Part 3	(Act II.)
Scene-Shifter	Tenth Action	(Act III.)
Post-Boy	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
Ragged Singer	Twelfth Action	(Act III.)
Bugler	"	(Act III.)
Fiddler	Fifteenth Action	(Act III.)

A.	The Theatre	First Action	(Prologue)
	Captain John André	Tenth Action	(Act III.)
B.	Fourth Civilian	Second Action	(Prologue)
	William Poole	Fourth Action	(Act I.)
	Thomas Paine	Ninth Action	(Act II.)
		Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	First Civilian	Sixteenth Action	(Epilogue)
C.	Seventh Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)
	Third Civilian	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Adjutant Muse	Third Action	(Act I.)
	Leader of "Jinnies"	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	General Howe	Tenth Action	(Act III.)
D.	Second Civilian	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Humphrey Knight	Fourth Action	(Act I.)
	Leader of the Crowd	Sixth Action	(Act II.)
	First Student	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	A Sentinel	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	An Officer	Thirteenth Action	(Act III.)
	Third Officer	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
	Second Civilian	Sixteenth Action	(Act III.)
E.	(The Comic Mask)	First Action	(Prologue)
	Sixth Inhibitor	Fourth Action	(Act I.)
	Captain John Posey	Fifth Action	(Act I.)
	Second Student	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	First Soldier	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	Pres. Laurens (Mute)	Twelfth Action	(Act III.)
	Fourth Officer	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
F.	(The Tragic Mask)		
	Fifth Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)

	First Civilian	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Bishop	Fourth Action	(Act I.)
	Leader of "Johnnies"	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	General Knyphausen	Tenth Action	(Act III.)
	Fifth Officer	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
G.	Fourth Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)
	A Soldier in Khaki	Second Action	(Prologue)
	A Colonial Officer	Fourth Action	(Act I.)
	Jack Custis	Seventh Action	(Act II.)
	Count Pulaski	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	Col. Nicola	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
H.	Third Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)
	Soldier in Light-Blue	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Patrick Henry	Seventh Action	(Act II.)
	A Tattered Doctor	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	Second Officer	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
I.	Second Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)
	An Italian Officer	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Lawrence Washington	Third Action	(Act I.)
	Myles Cooper	Sixth Action	(Act II.)
	Chaplain Emerson	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	Von Steuben	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)
	Sixth Officer	Fourteenth Action	(Act III.)
J.	First Inhibitor	First Action	(Prologue)
	A British Officer	Second Action	(Prologue)
	Jacob Van Bramm	Third Action	(Act I.)
	A Selectman	Eighth Action	(Act II.)
	Lieut. James Monroe	Ninth Action	(Act II.)
	Second Soldier	Eleventh Action	(Act III.)

LIST OF PROPERTIES

Note: As this play may sometime perhaps be of use for community performances, the following list of properties is printed here, for purposes of such production:—

Prologue.

1st Action:— Fiddle, Dulcimer, Flute (Mt. Vernon), Lantern on Pole (old New England lantern).
Chair and Table (Colonial: blue).
3 Masks (Comedy, Tragedy, *Theatre*), Staff for *Theatre* (with Janus-head of Comedy and Tragedy).
Various Masks, Manuscripts, Books, Map, Memo, Candles, Scrolls.

2nd Action:— Guide-Book, Sprig of Verbena.

Act. I.

3rd Action:— Riding-Whip (twined with ivy).
2 Broadswords, Gamecock in Coop.
Wooden Bench, Copper Kettle, Box of Sand.
Garden Rake, Strips of Cloth.
Indian Mask, Surveyor's Tripod, Gun, Knapsack, Kit, 2 Dead Wild Turkeys, Maple Sugar, Dog.

4th Action:— Wreath of Wild Laurel.
Long Planting-Box (as described in text), Wooden Pins, Wheelbarrow and Muck, Cloth Bags.
Bone-topped Cane.
Sealed document.

5th Action:— Trenchers, Trays, Dishes (all heaped with food).
Keys and Girdle.
Table for Fiddler.

Act II.

6th Action:— Bells, Cannon, Musketry, Rail, Lanterns, Poles, Ballad Strips (Broadsides).

7th Action:— Luggage, Flute, Sword and Girdle, Saddle-Bags, Pocket-Book, Drum.

8th Action:— Cannon, Table, 2 Benches.
Hobby-Horse, Hobby-Lion, Hobby-Unicorn.
Rattlesnake-Flag, Snuff-Box.
Grindstone-Push-Cart, Hand-Bell, Axes, Hatchet.

7th Transition:— Lantern on Staff with Hatchet Top.

9th Action:— Note-Book, Firewood, Musket.

Act III.

10th Action:— Stepladder, Boxes, Chair and Table, Tapestry, Screens, Drawings and Designs for Stage-Settings, Paint-Pots, Paints, Brushes, Lanterns (or Candelabra), Standards for Costumes.
Cane, Bundle containing American Flag (with Thirteen Stars).

11th Action:— Sleigh-Bells, Grapevine Harness, Table,

2 Campstools, Sledge with Snow-crusted Firewood.
Letters and Papers, Long Pipe, Polish Flag, Post-Bag.—Dog.

12th Action:— Shield with Landscape (André's), Various Statues, Bugle.

Epilogue

11th Transition:— Long Pipe, Light-Stand, Spectacles, Shaded Lamp, Crown and Colours, Letters, Candle.

16th Action:— Banners of Allied Nations.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S PRAYER *

By Thomas Paine

(1776)

Parent of all, omnipotent
In heaven, and earth below,
Through all creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow,

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what designed;
No private aims let me propose,
Since linked with human kind.

But chief to hear my country's voice,
May all my thoughts incline;
'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice
'Tis nature's call and thine.

Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause
Nor friendship false misguide.

Let me not faction's partial hate
Pursue to this Land's woe;
Nor grasp the thunder of the state
To wound a private foe.

If, for the right to wish the wrong
My country shall combine,
Single to serve th' erroneous throng,
Spite of themselves, be mine.

* From the Addenda to "Commonsense." See the "Life of Thomas Paine," by Moncure D. Conway, page 116.

By a never-failing well of friendliness
near old Shirley Common
with its "Water for Soldiers" and welcome
for road-weary pilgrims
—— L. F. A. & S. L. ——
Arivederci!

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